Henry M. Aimi
Dec. 8th 1893

Montreal, December 8, 1893

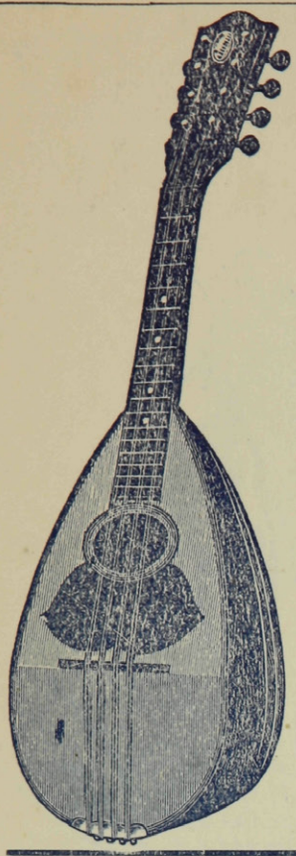
McGILL FORTNIGHTLY.

VOL. II. No. 5

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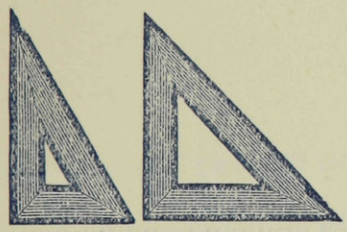
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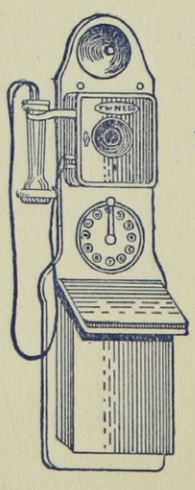
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McGILL FORTNIGHTLY.

A Fortnightly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Event.

VOL. II. MONTREAL, DECEMBER 8, 1893. NO. 5

McGill Fortnightly.

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The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for any views expressed in these columns by Contributors or Correspondents.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

"Harvard boasts of a thriving Canadian Club, with a membership of fifty-one, four of whom are McGill graduates:

Culvert, Sc. '90, 4th year graduate.
MacDougall, Arts '90, 2nd year graduate.
Rev. I. F. Langton, Arts '88.
Parker, Arts '93, 1st year graduate.

"Last year there were but two.

"The opening meeting this year was held the second week in October. It took the form of a reception, which was held in the president's rooms, and was very successful."

Should the club not rather be styled *American*, since the object is to bring Canadians to Harvard, which in the majority of cases means Americanizing them?

McGill, for some reason or other, is not so widely known as she deserves to be, although her Medical School has attracted students from many and various quarters. This Faculty, however, would be even more famous had it a good Biological laboratory, where original work could be done. Still, it is encouraging to notice the additions which have been made to McGill within the last two years. Undoubtedly, the Faculty of Science has been most benefited by these recent acquisitions, and although her post-graduate students can be counted twice over on the fingers of one hand, still we rejoice in this small beginning which, we believe to be but the source from whence shall have come the great river of the future.

"The world is to him who has patience." And for Arts and her sister Faculties we are expecting more than we care to put on paper.

Let us hope that the day is not far distant when McGill will be in a position to offer post-graduate courses sufficiently attractive not only to retain our own students, but to draw graduates from other Universities to ours.

HOCKEY.

Sport is to a certain extent at a discount at this time of year, when our whole energies are bent on preparation to satisfy the professorial curiosity concerning our knowledge which manifests itself just a little later on in the session. However, one cannot grind steadily, and in an odd interval, a sort of breathing time between studies, the mind reverts to the lighter side of college life, and the question comes up, What about hockey for this winter? What are our chances of success? The more we think of it the more we feel convinced, that if every man in McGill who goes in for hockey plays his best for McGill this winter, then our chances stand very high for coming out "on top" to the fullest extent which our position allows us.

The casual or uninterested student who reads this will possibly wonder at the condition mentioned, and will take for granted that every hockey player in McGill will play for his College, and play his best; but before agreeing in this view, his more interested fellow students will consider the facts regarding our present position in the Hockey series.

For some reason or other, McGill has dropped from the ranks of the Senior championship series into those of the Intermediate,—that is, there is no Hockey team in McGill which competes for the Senior championship. Whether this was a wise step or not is a question which we will not argue at present, but the effect of it is that we are unable to re-enter the Senior series until we have taken the Intermediate championship.

If we can place a team on the ice this coming winter which will carry off this lesser honor, although it is by no means a small one, then next year the McGill Hockey team will have a chance to re-enter the Senior series and make a noble effort, as it has done in the past, to include the Senior Hockey championship among the honors which the McGill U.A.A. has already obtained in the world of Athletics.

McGill has this year enrolled upon her books the names of several of the finest hockey players in this province if not in the Dominion. Some of these are new men in the University, and it is the old hockey-players in McGill who have worked hard and faithfully for the game who, together with the men new to McGill, but tried veterans on the ice, can win the Intermediate series for their Alma Mater.

There is, of course, one objection which might arise when the matter is looked at from the point of view of an experienced Hockey player, apart from the considerations which the fact of being an undergraduate lends to the question, and this objection is that it is unreasonable and unfair to expect men, who have for a long time held the foremost places amongst Hockey enthusiasts, and who have for the last few seasons played wholly on Senior teams, to lose their prestige as Senior men and descend to their old position of members of an intermediate team.

The objection is, we acknowledge, a serious one, and the argument deserves and should obtain due consideration, for, from the point of view which we have just mentioned, it is almost an insurmountable one.

However, when we add to the fact of position and experience in Hockey, the considerations which arise or should arise from the status as an undergraduate in McGill, then the point of view is inevitably and materially changed.

From the standpoint of the student loyal to Old McGill, his first duty is to do everything in his power to add to her fame as one of the greatest educational institutions in America ; his second duty is to make the same effort for the same purpose as regards college life outside the class-room, in athletics as well as in other fields.

Every Undergraduate who takes a prominent part in any of these branches of student life has to make certain sacrifices of both time and energy and to undertake a certain amount of hard work.

In the special case with which we are dealing, the same principle applies. It is undeniably a sacrifice for men to content themselves with positions on a junior team when they could and would, as a matter of course, obtain foremost places on a senior one ; but if as students they can see their way to make this sacrifice, then they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are indirectly benefiting their Alma Mater by directly helping and elevating one of the Societies which it recognizes ; and the sacrifice is one which will be willingly and gratefully acknowledged by their fellow-students.

The very fact that one of last year's Senior teams is, if we are not misinformed, this year going to drop into the Intermediate series only increases the necessity of the very best material we have in McGill playing for the College Club, for this new competitor for Intermediate honors lessens our chances of obtaining them ; and unless we can counterbalance this by the combination of our most experienced players, then we will be farther away than ever from the chance of holding next year the position which an association like the McGill U. A. A. in a university like that of McGill College ought never to have lost.

It has been frequently stated, and in all probability will often be reiterated, for it is the great fact underlying the existence of the FORTNIGHTLY, that its great object is to promote, in so far as it can, everything which tends towards the good of McGill and the interest of her students, whose benefit is the paper's *raison d'être*, and it is with this end in view that we hope that this year a more general interest will be taken in Hockey by our students, and that the burden and responsibility of the work in connection with it will not be thrown on the shoulders of a devoted few as it has been to a great extent in the past, and whose services too often have not been sufficiently recognized.

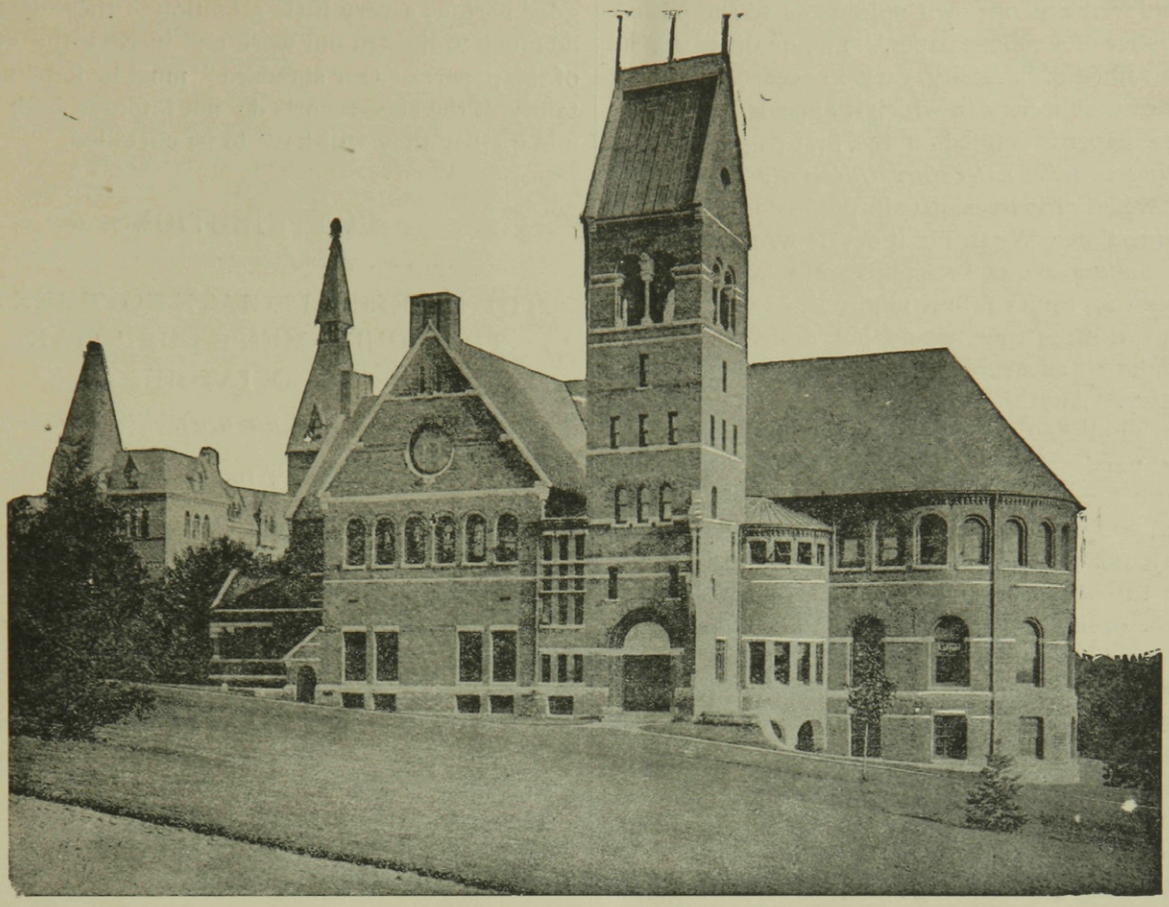
UNIVERSITY NEWSPAPERS.

We have no wish to steal Jove's thunderbolts, but the following lines, written by a correspondent of the *Droghedean*, will serve as a convenient peg on which to hang a few pertinent thoughts :

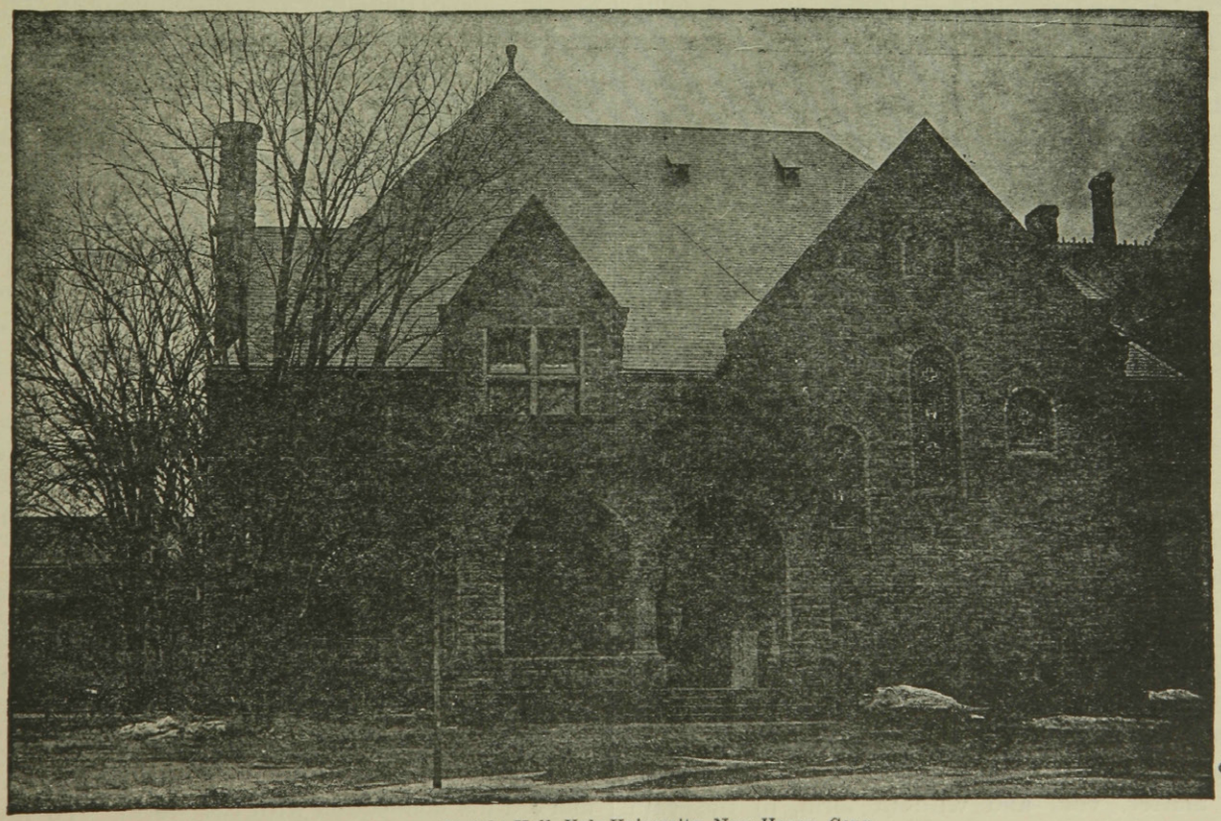
"There was a time when I imagined that to edit a School newspaper was a laudable and innocent ambition. I pictured the Editor sitting at his desk, with a large pile of manuscript before him and a waste-paper basket by his side, into which he occasionally threw a contribution which did not come up to 'our standard.' But sad experience has driven the vision from my eyes. I have learned the truth, and the truth is proverbially unpleasant. The pile of manuscript is a delusion and a snare ; it is non-existent. In its place there is a pile of blank paper, and the horrible thought that that paper must be converted into manuscript by the Editor must press with a weary weight upon his heart and brain. The printer's boy has asked for more ; he is insatiable. In vain does his hapless victim search the Editorial box in the hope that someone, anyone, has deposited a contribution there ; in vain does he implore the School muse to furnish him with a set of verses. Pegasus will not be forced."

A great deal might be written upon the subject of College papers.

In fact, at the very outset, there is room for considerable debate as to what a College paper really should be. The probability is that if a thousand and one different persons were asked to express their views on this subject, they would give a thousand and one different opinions. This is well illustrated in the endless variety of college papers which reach us, from the pretentious *Quarterly*, which grapples with the great questions of the day, to the sheet which is little more than a com-



Cornell University, Barnes Hall, Ithaca, N.Y.



Dwight Hall, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

pendium of trivial personalities and doubtful jokes. Like others we have our own opinion as to the proper characteristics of a college paper. The qualities which it possesses must of necessity vary in accordance with the needs of that society to which it appeals. Our own University paper is defined on the first page to be "*A Fortnightly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Event.*" Whether it lives up to its profession is perhaps an open question. We think it does. We have "our standard" and also our "waste-paper basket," and the latter is getting rather full, it might be as well to mention. At the same time, we do not desire to present "our standard" as a sort of bogey to frighten would-be contributors. Anything that is sent in is welcome even if it is not published, inasmuch as it denotes an interest in the paper that is always gratifying. Very few of the contributed articles come from the pen of undergraduates, and we think that they might help us more than they do. The Editors endeavor in the FORTNIGHTLY to chronicle every scrap of University news that can be of interest to our readers. The class reports give dry gossip or fun that may be going the rounds, and the contributed articles are intended to give cohesion, weight and solidity to the whole.

Withal, we desire to keep up a high tone in our pages and to avoid anything that offends good taste, and we have no wish to reduce the paper to the level of a comic almanac or an advertisement for Soothing Syrup. Yet the question of "jokes" is agitating the editorial cranium at the present time. A good joke has its place like everything else, but it must be a good one. This is a department in which "our standard" might be raised with advantage. Some of the class reporters seem to be possessed of a violent desire to emulate Mark Twain or Tom Hood, and, as might be expected, fail dismally in the attempt. When anyone sits down in cold blood to *manufacture* (there is no other name for it) a joke, the production, lacking that effervescence and spontaneity which characterize true wit, is sure to fall flat, and as a consequence should find a peaceful hiding-place in the waste-paper basket.

Those who criticize adversely the jokes which have appeared so far would probably be rather surprised could they see the amount of so called wit which has already found its way to that all-absorbing receptacle. Far-fetched witticisms and paltry gibes with little meaning and less sense are out of place in class reports. A good joke or a really funny incident is, however, always acceptable. Then class-reports should contain the flot sam and jetsam of our daily life, and might be better than they often are. They should come like glints of sunshine dancing upon the crest of a stately tree to illumine what would otherwise be a too serious and weighty production. A word to the wise is sufficient with regard to the form which all College news should possess; we would hint that it is no part of the Editor's duty to grapple with a stark staring heap of heterogeneous matter, void and without form, in the vain hope of bringing order out of chaos. And further, O all ye race of scribblers, we beseech you with tears in our eyes, an ye love us, write only on one side of the paper.

We hope that these few gentle hints will be taken in good part, as a very little attention to these details will do much to lighten our work and increase the efficiency of the paper. "Our standard" must be kept up. Certainly, if the class-reports do not improve both in tone and quality they will have to be curtailed.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE MOVEMENT OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATOIN.

(*Continued*).

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

The development of this interest is led by a Missionary Committee, who, having a personal interest in Missions, seek to make their fellow-students conversant with the needs of the world and encourage personal missionary activity. Some Colleges have a special mission which they supply with workers; others support a man either at home or abroad, while numbers have spent their summer vacation in the slums of the great cities.

In reply to a question frequently asked, "Why should a man of education and ability throw away his talents among the poor and fallen of our own land, or, worse still, bury himself in some foreign country?" We ask in return? "Can Education and Ability of the highest type find a better sphere or reap a higher reward than, even with apparent loss to the man himself, by raising the fallen and enlightening the blind?" Surely this is one of the topmost rungs upon which there is no such crowd, that, while one succeeds, another is suppressed.

With reference to the "Student Volunteer Movement" we take occasion to speak elsewhere.

THE WORKING FORCE.

It is a firm principle that the Association does its work through as many men as possible, seeking to enlist each nominal member as an earnest, active worker.

There are evident reasons for this: (1) The accomplishment of more work than if a few controlled the field. (2) Securing the interest of Christian men in aggressive Christian work by actual *participation*. (3) The more men at work, the greater the interest maintained. (4) The development of Christian character by association with other and more mature Christians.

The officers constitute the executive committee, to whom is entrusted the general supervision and management of the Association. The President, acting as chairman, is naturally chosen for the qualifications of leadership and executive ability which have previously marked his connection with the work. To him falls the work of planning the policy which the Association is to pursue, being ahead of others in his activity and intelligence concerning the work. He is to see that

others do their work, help them in their plans, stimulate them to increased efficiency, and hold them responsible for their departments.

It will be the work of the other officers to support the President in his responsibility, and give earnest thought and energy to the interests of the work.

Each department is under the management of a committee whose work will be to maintain the object and increase the usefulness of that special work. Each committee works under a chairman, who necessarily is chosen for previous experience and active interest. His purpose should be to have each member of his committee engaged in definite work. The efficiency of committee work is greatly increased by a good knowledge of the work and hearty co-operation of all members.

To the Voluntary force may be added the office of "General Secretary." In institutions of importance it is found that there is need for a man who will give his best thought and his time to the work of the Association, not to take the work out of the hands of the members, but to confer with the president and assist him in effecting his plans, to lead the workers in their departments, and secure additional men who will take an active interest, seeking to enlarge the field of activity.

While not possessing the function of an organ of the Association, yet by affording a framework for activity we must mention the influence which an Association building renders. It is possible for a University to exist without possessing its own head-quarters; it is likewise possible for a Young Men's Christian Association to exist under similar circumstances; but as buildings have increased the usefulness of educational institutions, so we may state that the possession of an Association building has increased the usefulness of the organization wherever this has been secured. Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Toronto and many others are in possession of buildings which have been greatly appreciated by the Students, and rendered the work increasingly efficient.

OUTGROWTHS OF THE WORK.

1. The College Young Women's Christian Association is indirectly a development, maintaining the same relations in the Ladies' Colleges and departments and pursuing much the same line of effort. During the last few years the organization has become a recognized feature and a strong influence in the Ladies Institutions.

As the last few years have brought women to the front in many of the religious and moral movements, doubtless the Women's Christian Associations of our Colleges will furnish able leaders among women for such work.

2. The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions is the direct offspring of the Young Men's Christian Association, and retains an intimate relationship to the mother organization.

It took its origin at the Students' Conference, in the summer of 1886. Two hundred and fifty men were gathered at Mount Hermon, at the invitation of D. L. Moody, for the purpose of Bible study; among this number were 21 men, whose purpose was to become Foreign Missionaries, and they prayed earnestly that God would call men from among the gathering to serve Him in the Foreign Field. A stirring address by Dr. A. T. Pierson, followed by the meeting of the Ten Nations, kindled a veritable missionary fire in the Conference. The latter meeting was addressed by natives or representatives of ten different nations, each appealing in three minutes for his own land. Before the close of this gathering, one hundred students pledged themselves as "willing and desirous, God permitting, to become Foreign Missionaries;" this became the recognized pledge (now slightly altered) of the Volunteer Mission Band, already one of the largest Student organizations of the day.

During the college session of 1886–87, Robert P. Wilder and John Foreman visited one hundred and seventy institutions in the United States and Canada, presenting the need which heathen lands had for the Gospel, securing no less than twenty-two hundred college men and women as Volunteers. The succeeding years have been marked with wonderful results, the number of Volunteers to-day being over 7,000.

Can we have a reply to the question which Dr. McCosh, ex-president of Princeton, asks: "Has any such offering of living young men and women been presented in our age, in our country, in any age or in any country since the day of Pentecost?" While the last decade has marked a decided Missionary revival, the Volunteer movement has held no insignificant relation to its promotion, and is answering the problem of the word of God: "Who will go for us?" Will the Church arise to a corresponding position to reply to the cry, "How shall they preach, except they be sent?"

From this "Student uprising" has developed the "Volunteer Missionary Union of Great Britain," which is the first organization to effect an "Intercollegiate relationship" in Christian work. While very young, it is exerting a decided influence on University life in the British Isles.

3. Summer Schools—This can hardly be termed an "outgrowth" of the Association, as it practically is included in the work of supervision, but on account of its importance and singularity we speak of it as distinct from the organization.

As mentioned above, Christian students gathered at Mt. Hermon, Mass., in 1886, and spent four weeks in Bible study; this gathering has become an annual occurrence, the Conference now being held at Northfield, across the river from Mount Hermon, and, in addition, gatherings are now held in other sections of the country, viz., Lake Geneva, Wis., and Knoxville, Tenn.

The primary idea of Bible study has been adhered to every year, but a broader aspect now marks the gatherings; the purpose may be defined as the training of leaders for the work of the Young Men's Christian Associations in the colleges of North America, each department being thoroughly considered.

These summer schools are at once unique and signi-

ficant, and are taking no small part in promoting the eligious life of the colleges ; one man has been known to state: "If I had to make a choice between losing one year at College and Northfield Conference, I would choose the former."

It is impossible to do justice to the Summer Schools at this time ; the subject itself deserves separate treatment.

THE LOCAL POSITION.

The question may well be raised, "What relation does the McGill Association hold in this continental movement?" Numerically, the home Association counts one ; but in comparison to the possibilities and obligations which a University like McGill throws upon an Association of Christian men, we feel very humble, for we readily recognize that our efforts have not shown the enterprise and earnestness which the field demands.

For ten years there has been a Young Men's Christian Association in McGill, with varying and yet growing influence. The organization took effect with a membership of fifteen ; but this handful of men have made possible a present membership of three hundred, and such names as Joseph K. Unsworth, B.A., and Dr. H. E. Kendall should be held in great esteem as the early promoters of the Association movement.

"In those days," writes Mr. Unsworth, "we did not know what Christian fellowship was. No man knew what flag the others fought under, and every man fought his own battles." The times are different now,—men enjoy Christian fellowship in college, the Christians are known to one another, and no man need fight his bat tles alone, for there is a friendship afforded, which is both true and lasting.

The social feature has had considerable emphasis, and many men will remember the acquaintances formed, both in and out of College circles, which have been a pleasure and help to his life. We are quite conscious of many failures, perhaps one of greatest moment is the lack of Bible study which has existed in former years, but provision has been made that all men may enjoy associate Bible study during 1893-94.

PRESENT NEEDS.

An Association building worthy of the Institution, and adapted to the extension of the work. As early as 1886-87 the need of a building was recognized, and a Building Fund opened, which met with a hearty response from the Students, $3,800 being subscribed at the time, largely by undergraduates.

Other Colleges, many of less importance than McGill, have adequate Association buildings which are largely used by the Students. Some of these have been the gift of one man, others have been erected through subscription lists; in all, we believe the Students have been the first to shew their faith in the enterprise.

We are confident that the time is fully matured for an Association building on the College campus, that the same would promote the interests of the University and be largely used by the Students.

One other need exists, and must not be overlooked, the need of MEN,—men of intelligence concerning the principles and methods of the work, men of prayer and power, men willing to deny themselves to serve the interests of their fellows, men who believe and live out the principle, "That they are not their own but are bought with a price."

PERCY C. LESLIE.

TO A KITTEN.

Dearest kitten, while thou'rt busy
Playing with thy mother's tail,
I am plugging till I'm dizzy
With the law of "Gifts" and "Sale."

There thou sittest, runnest, tumblest,
As thy tiny will directs,
And at shadows wildly fumblest,
While no care thy mind dissects.

Where'st thou found thy happy humor
That finds fun in fancies vain?
Tell me, kitten, does not rumor
Ever fright thy feeble brain?

True thou hast no trials horrid,
No examinations dread,
But to-morrow's sun so *torrid
May behold thee lifeless,—dead.

Well, I like thy foolish gambols.
Come, and scramble to my knee.
I shall tell thee of my rambles
Thro' the laws of Bottomry.

What! my tale will not entice thee
As thy mother's tail has done?
Go, I care not. I'll return me
To my studies all alone.

Stay, sweet kitten, let me whisper
Words that should thy nonsense stay.
Thou may'st croon them like a vesper
As 'tis sung at close of day.

Thou shalt sing or hum or mew
In these soft melodious terms,
That do form the motly crew
Of our legal wisdom's germ.

Obligations, jus civile
Lease and hire and Emptio.
Usufruct, I hate most vilely.
Roman Law's an † empty show.

Replications, Respondentia (r)
Inter nois Gifts as well
Seizures are a source of censure
All convert our joy to——sorrow.

So, my kitten, wilt remember
All I've whispered in thy ear,
And recite me next November
When I've no exams to fear?

What? asleep so soon, you Beauty?
Well I must to work again.
Thou wouldst have me honor duty
Though that duty be a pain.

*This is wrong—author.

† This is a pun.

WYDOM.

WIT AND HUMOR.

In a previous number of the FORTNIGHTLY I gossiped concerning "Books;" and as I then spoke in terms of censure of the so-called Wit and Humor of the present day, an inference might possibly be drawn that I am a sour ascetic, and that in my reading I put from me all books of Humor. If such an opinion has been formed, I take the opportunity of assuring you that nothing can be further from the fact; on the contrary

"I dote upon a jest.
"Within the limits of becoming mirth."

I would say with Shakespeare:

"With smiles and laughter,
Let old wrinkles come,"

but to please me, the quality of the wit must be good.

You must not lose sight of the fact that the kind of writing that I should denounce as being positively hurtful is not wit or humor at all, and it so frequently drifts into immorality, indecency and impiety, that I think it best to avoid it altogether.

I venture to introduce two or three specimens as illustrations of what I desire to convey, and this I do, as one would taste poison, so that, knowing the flavor, it may be avoided in the future.

Artemus Ward, speaking of George Washington, calls him "*an angel in a cocked hat and breeches;*" and Mark Twain, alluding to the number of churches in this city, says, "*you cannot throw a stone in Montreal without breaking a church window,*" and so on.

Another phase of modern "humor" is the stupid wit-less style of newspaper reporting of accidents of all kinds; as, describing an accident by which a woman lost her life by burning, the report concludes thus, "*the coroner earned a fee that day,*" or "*there was a funeral from that house.*"

If a house is broken into, it is "*burglarized;*" if a man takes poison, he "*suicided.*" Quite recently we had the report of an earthquake having happened at some time in South America, when a house was thrown down and six persons were killed, and one of our moving papers called it "*A business-like earthquake.*"

The most provoking feature of such writers is that they seldom fail to place the matter in such a ludicrous shape, that we laugh at it before we discover what we are about, just as we might laugh at a man running after his hat which had been blown off his head, but before we get to the end of the street we feel ashamed of ourselves for having done so.

Before giving a few illustrations of what I regard as Wit and Humor, it will perhaps be worth while to enquire into, and briefly analyse my subject. If we turn to our dictionaries, we find:

WIT.—The association of ideas in a manner natural, but unusual and striking, so as to produce surprise, joined with pleasure.

The faculty of associating ideas in a new and unexpected manner.

HUMOR.—That quality of the imagination which gives to ideas a wild or fantastic turn, and tends to excite laughter or mirth by ludicrous image or representation.

Humor is less brilliant than wit, hence it is always agreeable—Wit, directed against folly, often wounds by its severity; Humor, makes a man ashamed of his follies, without exciting his resentment.

Wit is the clash and reconcilement of incongruities, the meeting of extremes round a corner, the flashing of an artificial light from one object to another, disclosing some unexpected resemblance or connection. The case, I think, is the same with Humor, it deals in incongruities of character or circumstance, as Wit does in those of arbitrary ideas. The more the incongruities the better, provided they are all in nature, but two, at any rate, are as necessary as the two ideas are to Wit, and the more strikingly they differ yet harmonize, the more amusing the result.

Such is the melting together of the propensities in some of the characters that will at once occur to us

of the objectionable and the agreeable in Falstaff,
of folly and wisdom in Don Quixote,
of shrewdness and doltishness in Sancho Panza,

and further in the discordant yet harmonious co-operation of Don Quixote and his attendant considered as a pair, Sancho himself being a compound of sense and absurdity heaps duality on duality, contradiction on contradiction, and the inimitable associates contrast and reflect one another.

Wit, apart from Humor, generally speaking, is but an element for professors to sport with. In combination with humor it runs into the richest utility, and helps to humanize the world. I propose to offer specimens of both, bringing the two streams together, till I show you their united fullness.

The lowest form of Wit may contain a quintessence of it, the shallowest *pun* include the profoundest wisdom.

I believe that WIT is very seldom the *only* eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man, it is commonly accompanied by many other talents, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding.

Almost all the great poets, orators and statesmen of all times have been witty.

There is no more interesting sight than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and giving every man a glad heart and a cheerful countenance.

It is scarcely within my purpose to do more than simply lay before you some illustrations in support of the proposition which I have set up, otherwise I should have to call your attention to the great improvement in morality which marks the pages of our modern authors as compared with the humorists of the last century, Fielding, Smollett and Sterne, and the lampoons of Dean Swift.

There is scarcely a page in the writings of these authors but has something that were better away, a latent corruption, a hint as of an impure presence—

some of that "*double entente*" may be attributed to freer times and manners than ours, but not all.

I think of these past writers, and of those who have lived amongst our English authors of the present generation, and are grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied pages which I can lay before my children.

One author of the time I have referred to, I desire to except,—I think of the career, the sufferings, the genius, the gentle nature of Oliver Goldsmith, and the esteem in which we hold him. Who, of the millions whom he has amused, doesn't love him? To be the most beloved of English writers—what a title that is for a man! What is the charm of his verse, his style, his humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns —your love for him is half pity!

With that sweet story of the "*The Vicar of Wakefield*" he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe.

None of us, however busy or hard our lot, but have passed many an evening with him and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

His humor is delighting us still, his song, fresh and beautiful as when he first charmed with it,—his words in all our mouths,—his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems to smile upon us —to do gentle kindnesses, to succor with sweet charity —to sooth, caress and forgive—to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

One author of the present generation I would claim place for along with Goldsmith, for his rich humor, his world-wide benevolence and sympathy with the poor— that author is Charles Dickens, especially in his Christmas Carol and the Cricket on the Hearth.

True wit, true humor, never offends.

"Let wit and mirth, and friendly strife,
Chase the dull gloom that saddens life.
True wit, that, firm to Virtue's cause,
Respects religion and the laws.
True mirth that cheerfulness supplies
To modest ears and decent eyes!"

Epigrammatic Wit generally announces itself by its title and brevity, and thus substitutes expectation for surprise, a higher principle in great things, but not in small. We may select from Pope:—

"Here thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea."

Or a remonstrance from Thomas Moore:—

"When late I attempted your passion to prove,
Why were you so deaf to my prayers;
Perhaps it was well to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me downstairs?"

Or some of the aphorisms of Longfellow:—

"The best Medicines,
Joy and Temperance and Repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose."

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

"A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is,
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees."

TRUTH.

"When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the liar."

Puns are supposed to be banished from good society, though kings have encouraged them, and Caesar, Bacon, Cicero and Shakespeare seemed to have thought them part of the common property of good spirits. They are tiresome when engrossing, and execrable if bad; at least if not deliberately bad, and of *malice prepense*. The puns of Thomas Hood are astonishing for their cleverness, abundance and extravagance.

'Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms,
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.
And as they bore him off the field,
Said he, 'Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg
And the Forty-Second foot'."

And again, in another song, he speaks of a sailor:—

"His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty odd befel;
So they went and told the sexton,
And the sexton toll'd the bell."

Doubtless you all remember that extraordinary punning song of Hood's, "*Lieutenant Luff.*"

"All you who are too fond of wine,
Or any other stuff;
Take warning by the dismal fate
Of one Lieutenant Luff.
A sober man he might have been,
Except in one regard,
He didn't like *soft* water,
So he took to drinking *hard*.

Said he, 'Let others fancy slops,
And talk in praise of tea,
But I am no *Bohemian*,
So do not like *Bohea*.
If wine's a poison, so is tea,
Though in another shape,
What matter whether man is killed
By canister or grape'."

And so on to the end of the song.

I may here say that Hood was an intimate friend of my family, and although I was too young to remember him very distinctly, I can say that no purer or gentler-minded name is on the roll of my family acquaintance than Thomas Hood. I call to mind with reference to this song of "*Lieutenant Luff*," that one day Hood was at a dinner party with my father and uncle, when one present (entirely unconscious of Hood being the author) sang it, and my uncle, sitting next to Hood, said to him, "That is your song!" "Why, what makes you think so?" replied he. "Because no other man could have written it." On Hood acknowledging the authorship, my uncle asked him for a copy of it, to which he cheerfully consented; his fellow-diner on his other hand, overhearing the conversation, also asked for a copy, when Hood instantly replied:—"*Does it follow because I have the* COPY RIGHT, *that I have a copy left!*"

Puns also are frequently to be found in epitaphs. I may instance that remarkable one which comes to us without the name of the author:—

ON THE EARL OF KILDARE.

"Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill,
Death killed Kildare, who dares kill him who will."

Of proverbs, Lord Bacon says:—

"The genius, spirit and wit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs." And Earl Russell defined a proverb admirably as "The wisdom of many and the wit of one."

So also Alexander Pope:—

"True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd."

But we have not time for this branch of the subject, and must therefore dismiss it with two or three specimens. Sterne has left us one which may well stand as a set-off for much of his other writing:—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Shakespeare, I need hardly say, would furnish the best, if we had time, as "Poor and content is rich, and rich enough," and "All that glitters is not gold."

And American literature makes amends by two, which I cannot pass over:—

"God never strikes with both hands," and "It don't do to pray cream, and live skimmed milk." But perhaps the most striking illustrations on record are the flashes of wit of Douglas Jerrold, sudden and harmless as summer lightning. Anyone to see him as I have seen him, with his eyes staring with the suddenness of some impromptu, and his face beaming with good humor, would never forget him, and yet to think that if one of his jokes was repeated to him next day, he would ask in all simplicity: "*No! did I really say that?*"

Like Sydney Smith's wit, Jerrold's was of the keenest and most transparent character.

You must be on the alert for wit; it flashes and is gone. Wit gives you a nod in passing, but with humor you are at home.

"Take a walk upon an empty stomach," said his doctor to Sydney Smith. "Upon whose?" asked the Dean. That is wit.

So is Hood's description of a fellow whose height of folly constituted his own monument:

"A column of fop,
A light-house without any light a-top."

So was Sydney Smith's reply to the churchwardens, when he wanted a wood pavement round St. Paul's: "Lay your heads together, and the thing is done." The wit of Douglas Jerrold is often equal to that of the Dean. A score of stories occur to me. Though it is too late to add any new ones to the record, there are a few good things which will bear repetition.

"Nature has written 'honest man' upon his face," said a person trying to make interest with Jerrold for a friend. "Then nature must have had a very bad pen," was the prompt reply. Everybody remembers how he revenged himself upon a pompous fop, who had made himself offensively conspicuous at a club dinner where sheep's head was a favorite dish. Pushing his plate aside, the stranger exclaimed, "Well, I say sheep's head forever." "What egotism," remarked Jerrold.

This, no doubt, led up to a kindred flash of wit on another occasion, at the expense of a literary friend who had just ordered, "Sheep's tail soup, waiter!" "Ah," said Jerrold, looking up, and smiling with his great eyes, "extremes meet."

There was an old gentleman who drove a very slow pony in a ramshackle gig, and he was anxious one day to pay Jerrold a little special attention. The humorist was on his way from his house to the railway station. "Ah, Mr. Jerrold," said the old gentleman, "shall I give you a lift?" "No, thank you," said Jerrold, "I'm in a hurry."

Let us take a score of further illustrations at random: "*What's going on?*" asked a great bore one day, meeting him on the street; "*I am*," said Jerrold, and on he went.

"Take this for a golden rule through life, never have a friend that's poorer than yourself."

"Men's hearts! Do what you will, they won't break. I doubt if even they'll chip."

"The scoundrel, sir! Why, he'd sharpen a knife upon his father's tombstone to kill his mother."

"Contentment is the poor man's bank."

Dogmatism he defined as "puppyism arrived at full growth."

Amongst his definitions:

Poetry he called "thought in blossom."

War was with him, "murder set to music."

A negro slave he called "God's image carved in ebony."

Of gambling he said, "I never by chance hear the rattling of dice that it does not seem to me like the funeral bell for a whole family."

Once upon a time Patience wanted a nightingale—"Well! Patience waited and the egg sang."

"Earth is so good-natured," said he, "that you have but to tickle her with a plough, and she laughs herself into a harvest."

The conversation one evening turned upon music, and a certain song was spoken of as an exquisite composition. "That song," exclaimed an enthusiastic member of the company, "always carries me away when I hear it." Said Jerrold (looking eagerly round), "Can no one whistle it?"

"Call that a kind man," said one, speaking of an absent acquaintance, "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing. Call that kindness?" "Yes," replied Jerrold, "unremitting kindness."

Talking of the dinner-loving propensity of the English, he said:

"I believe that if London was destroyed by an earth-
"quake to-morrow, the next day, two or three citizens
"would be found amongst the ruins enjoying a bit of
"dinner to celebrate the event."

On the publication of one of Robert Browning's books, in which the author's meaning was somewhat obscure (a criticism, which, by the bye, may be uttered

of more than one of that author's works), Jerrold read a few pages, and it was not very clear to him, he handed the book to his wife, and asked her what she thought of it. She confessed she could not understand it, upon which Jerrold exclaimed, "Thank God! I am not mad." Browning, meeting him said: "I hear that you say that my last book is the worst I have written." Said Jerrold, "My dear fellow, I did not say so, I said it was 'the worst book that was ever written.'"

On the occasion of a stormy discussion between two friends, one present rose to settle the dispute, and waving his hands majestically over the disputants, he exclaimed, "What I want is common sense!" "Exactly," Douglas Jerrold interrupts, and the discussion is lost sight of in a burst of laughter.

A rich city magnate being dead, the whole city was astir asking how much he had died worth. A friend, meeting Jerrold, asked, "What had he left?" the reply was, "All he had, he took nothing with him; it might melt, you know."

I have given some specimens of his "definitions," I might furnish one instance of his taking part in an evening's pastime of furnishing "epitaphs" for the company present. Jerrold had been asked to give one for Charles Knight, the well-known author and publisher. He pretended (as I believe) to look unusually dull and stupid, and confessed his inability to give one,—the two walked homewards together, and when they were about to part company *en route* to their respective homes, Jerrold said suddenly, "I have that epitaph for you,"

H. M.

"GOOD KNIGHT."

(*To be Continued*).

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY MY FIRST BIOLOGY LECTURE.

Of the primal protozoa I would sing
Of the ancestral Papa of all the sort,
Of the state in which he somehow found himself
And we'll call him Adam, if you like, for short.

He flourished in a garden, this of course,
For vegetables then were quite the thing,
He doubtless thought it quite a paradise,
This protoplasmic happy little king.

He lived awhile and then he split in two,
So Eve was made right out of Adam's side.
Then two amoebas floated gaily on
With leaps and bounds and gambols jellified.

Then one amoeba how, I don't quite know
By law or chance, or something that she ate,
Took quite an odd idea in her head,
And thought she ought to differentiate.

She differentiated, sad to say,
And so commenced our dire unrest and pain
For primal protoplasmic innocence
Can never any more be ours again.

And so my story of creation's ended,
You'll find it merely Moseses—amended.

L. M.

THE CHOICE.

(From MOSCHUS.)

When on the wave the breeze soft kisses flings,
I rouse my fearful heart, and long to be
Floating at leisure on the tranquil sea;
But when the hoary ocean loudly rings,
Arches his foamy back and spooming swings
Wave upon wave, his angry swell I flee;
Then welcome land and sylvan shade to me,
Where, if a gale blows, still the pine-tree sings.

Hard is his life whose nets the ocean sweep,
A bark his house—shy fish his slippery prey;
But sweet to me the unsuspicious sleep
Beneath a leafy plane—the fountain's play,
That babbles idly, or whose tones, if deep,
Delight the rural ear and not affray.

J. M. CHAPMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I think of thee
When thro' the vale
The nightingale
Pours melody,—
When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee
By fountain-side,
When even-tide
Falls glimmeringly,—
Where thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee
With gnawing pain
And longing fain,
Insatiably,—
How thinkest thou of me?

Oh, think of me
Till, sorrows past,
We meet at last!
Where'er I be
I think of only thee!

R. MACDOUGALL.

Cambridge, Mass.

(N.B.—In the sonnet by Prof. Moyse, which appeared in our last issue, we regret that an error has appeared. The line which read

"Where my fierce spirit wakes from *sweet* sleep"

should be:

"Where my fierce spirit wakes from *secret* sleep."

ED.)

FOUR DAYS IN ROME.

"I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush in my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!"

Metaphysicians discriminate between the clearness and the distinctness of an idea. My ideas, however, were neither clear nor distinct when I awoke and found myself in Rome for the first time. Dimly I remembered the journey from Florence ; the old castles and sleepy villages ; the orchards of mulberry trees with vines trailing from tree to tree ; then darkness and sleep came on together, and I knew no more till roused about midnight by the porter's shout " Roma ! Roma ! " Half asleep, I entered a bus ; offended the driver by putting my feet on the cushion opposite ; effected a compromise by means of a *Daily News* placed between the offending feet and the cushion ; and then down we went into the city. We drove loudly down stony streets, turned many corners, and at last, just as my mind was hovering between doubt of the sanity and suspicion of the villainy of the driver, he pulled up at the Cavour Hotel. After an interesting but unintelligible conversation with the porter, I was conducted to the room in which I found myself on the eventful morning of the 2nd of June, 1893.

When young Byron, on succeeding to the title of Lord, asked his mother if she saw any difference in him, he felt that his new condition of lordship ought to bring some outward and visible effect. A similar feeling comes to one who, for the first time, wakes to find himself in the Eternal city. While trying to analyze my thoughts, and before I had discovered how I really *did* feel on this eventful morning, hunger, which seizes people even in Rome, drew me down to breakfast, and so this great question has ever since remained unsolved.

At Piale's in the Piazza di Spagna I bought a guide book, and taking a bus soon found myself in front of St. Peter's. A magnificent covered stairway, constructed by Bernini, and containing a fine equestrian statue of the Emperor Constantine, runs between the Cathedral and the Vatican and leads to the Sistine Chapel and the Raffael Rooms. At the foot of the stairway were several of the Pope's Guards, who made a very picturesque appearance in their uniforms of yellow, black and crimson. The Sistine Chapel is wonderfully rich in frescoes, both on the ceiling and walls. Covering the wall, above the altar, is Michael Angelo's great picture of the Last Judgment, which at first is bewildering from its multitude of figures.

The Hall of the Immaculate Conception, so called from the frescoes by Podesti on that subject, is next reached ; and farther on are the Raffael Rooms, four in number, containing some of Raffael's best frescoes. These are especially interesting to a student of History. Unfortunately, many of them are much faded. The Hall of the Fire of the Borgo takes its name from the principal painting. In this room the Saxon king, Ethelwulf is represented with a vase full of coins ; underneath is an inscription referring to the fact that he was the first English king who agreed to pay Peter's Pence.

The Hall of the Signature, so called because the papal Bulls were signed here, contains Raffael's great picture of the School of the Philosophers.

In the Hall of Heliodorus are the finest frescoes in the world. There one may see Heliodorus driven from the Temple, Pope Leo I. staying Attila the Hun, and St. Peter delivered from prison by the angel. The last room, the Hall of Constantine, contains frescoes illustrating events in the life of that Emperor. In the picture gallery are some fine pictures by Raffael, Reni and Guercino. Raffael's Transfiguration is here.

Just opposite St. Peter's is a restaurant. There, sitting under the awning outside one can satisfy the needs of his physical nature and feast his eyes on the magnificent cathedral in front of him.

It is a gigantic pile of reddish stone on the farther side of a vast piazza, in which near the centre is an Egyptian obelisk, and nearer to the Cathedral two great fountains. The piazza is flanked on each side by a grand series of columns three deep, running on a curve towards the church. These support an entablature, on which are gigantic statues of saints and apostles.

After lunch I felt able to explore the interior of the Cathedral, and here the chief thing that struck me, apart from the grand general effect, was a piece of statuary by Michael Angelo, representing the Virgin with the dead Christ in her lap. This is a most beautiful work. There are three naves, each 613 feet long, and the transept is 417 feet. Beneath the dome is the High Altar, on which only the Pope celebrates mass. Looking upwards around the base of the dome we see the Latin text : " Tu es Petrus et super hanc Petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam et tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum." The letters do not appear to be very large, but when looked at from the gallery around the inside of the dome they are seen to be between 5 and 6 feet in height.

After spending about two hours in the church, I took the train for the Piazza di Venezia, and from there walked to Trajan's Column and Forum. The column is in a perfect state of preservation, and covered with bas-reliefs representing Trajan's victories. It is 130 feet high, and is built of 34 blocks of marble Then I strolled along, noticing fragments of old walls and columns, until I reached the Colosseum. This great ruin covers 6 acres, and was the work of Jews taken captive at the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, who dedicated the building in A. D. 80. The arena is 278 feet long and 177 feet wide. The cells for wild beasts underneath the arena have been partly unearthed. One side of the great outer wall shows us what it was in the old days.

> " Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,
> Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
> Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
> Her Coliseum stands.....
> While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;
> And when Rome falls—the World."

Near by is the Arch of Constantine, and on the summit of the Via Sacra, which leads from the Colosseum to the Forum Romanum, is the Arch of Titus, with bas-reliefs undimmed by time, representing the Triumphal Procession of Titus.

The vast ruins of the Roman Forum are well described by Rogers :

> "In many a heap the ground
> Heaves, as if Ruin in a frantic mood
> Had done its utmost. Here and there appears,
> As left to show his handiwork, not ours,
> An idle column, a half-burned arch,
> A wall of some great temple."

Here I wandered for some time, passing over the Curtian Lake, and at last went towards home, stopping on the way at a little café near the Pantheon.

Early the next morning I explored the Pantheon, which is the most splendid monument of antiquity in Rome. It was erected by Agrippa 27 B. C., and is in a perfect state of preservation. In 1882, the houses built against it were pulled down, and at the back were discovered remains of a great hall belonging to the Baths of Agrippa. Passing through a magnificent portico of 16 columns of Oriental granite, we reach the interior—an immense rotunda 132 feet in height, and the same in diameter, and lighted only from an aperture in the cupola. The tribune of the high altar and the six chapels are cut in the thickness of the wall, and ornamented with different colored marble columns and pilasters. Raffael and Victor Emmanuel were buried here.

> "Relic of nobler days and noblest arts!
> Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
> A holiness appealing to all hearts—
> To Art a model; and to him who treads
> Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
> Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
> Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
> And they who feel for genius may repose
> Their eyes on honor'd forms, whose busts around them close."

Leaving the Pantheon, I stopped for a moment at the church of S. Maria sopra Minerva, to see Michael Angelo's statue of Christ, and then took the train to St. Peter's.

After listening to the singing (for mass was being celebrated) I ascended the dome. From the stone gallery above the great dome was a glorious view. The Mediterranean looked like a white line in the distance The city of the seven hills itself lay at our feet, and far away to the East rose the Pyrenees and Albanian Mountains. It wa here that I got my first clear conception of the extent of the Vatican buildings. From the stone gallery outside the ascent is partly by ladders to the great iron ball capable of holding sixteen persons. There are four slits to let in the light, and when some boys held their hands on these there was total darkness. To sit up there in the dark with one's feet towards the hole gave one rather a queer sensation. The great heat soon made the enterprising sixteen who had been waiting half an hour for the privilege of ascending disappear one by one.

Having done my duty by St. Peter's, I went towards the Capitol, which is approached by a magnificent ascent made for the entrance of the Emperor Chas. V. At the left of this is a garden in which a living wolf, the sacred symbol of ancient Rome, is still kept; in the same garden lower down is a bronze statue of the Tribune, whom Byron addresses as

> "Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
> The friend of Petrarch, hope of Italy—
> Rienzi! last of Romans!"

The Museum of the Capitol contains some fine statuary, the Venus and the Dying Gladiator being the most famous pieces. The Palace of the Consecration opposite is very interesting to one who has time to examine its treasures—pictures, bronze work and old tapestry. Near by is the church of the Aracoeli. Down the steps of the church Rienzi was dragged by the mob. The sacred Bambino is shown on application to the priest there. It is kept under the altar in the sacristy. It looks like a doll. A lady asked if she might kiss it, and although the priest gave her permission, I noticed that he wiped it very carefully afterwards with his handkerchief. Then I strolled to the Tarpeian Rock, a very unpleasant place to fall over; and afterwards to the Mamertine prison. At the back of the Capitol are two churches one above the other, and between them is the Mamertine prison. Here Jugurtha, Simon the defender of Jerusalem, and other heroes have been executed. The dungeon is circular, about 18 ft. in diameter and 6 ft. in height. It contains a well which is accounted for by the following story: St. Peter and St. Paul were imprisoned here, and the jailors, being converted by their prayers, and wishing to be baptized, a sponge miraculously appeared to supply the water. By the light of the torch we saw a picture on the wall (the walls and floor are simply the natural rock) of St. Peter baptizing the jailors. The torch was carried by a cripple, who, with a most unpleasant smile ever on his wizened countenance, looked liked the evil genius of the place. Fiction no doubt formed a large part of his descriptions, but I think that coming from him the most undoubted facts would be found difficult of belief.

By this time—it was between three and four o'clock—I began to feel tired of walking, so hailing a cab I started for the Catacombs. We passed the Circus Maximus, at the foot of the Palatine hill, entered the old Appian way, leaving the Baths of Caracalla on the right, and travelled on between high walls till we reached the Catacombs. At an opening in the wall on the right, a path led through a pleasant field of yellow corn to a little wooden building, where we found the monks who were in charge of the Catacombs. Having paid the franc demanded of us, we were furnished with a taper, and set out on our explorations under the guidance of one of the monks, who had wisely provided himself with a heavy shawl and a taper. Soon we reached a descent, reminding one of Avernus, only no Sybil's ecstasies were needed, for the way was open.

We had only reached the foot of the steps when we heard someone shout above, and soon another tourist, a German from Zurich, came down and joined us. The passages and chapels are all lined with spaces hewn out for the burial of the dead. The monk said we could travel for half an hour along one passage before reaching the end. There are three series of passages,

one above another. It is a dismal place, and one is very glad to get into the sunshine again. My German friend suggested that we drive together along the Appian way for a few miles, so he dismissed his cabman, and away we went together. I forgot to mention that his chief reason for suggesting that we go together was that it would be safer. The Campagna is unsafe at night and not very safe during the day, and therefore my German friend, who, though a tall man with a fierce moustache, was very timid, thought that two would be much safer than one. Soon we left the walls behind us and got into the open country, when the German abruptly turned and enquired "Have you a knife?" I had a knife, but it was old and battered, utterly worthless as a weapon of defence, and so I told him, at the same time expressing a hope that our safety would not depend upon our knives.

I doubt if one can ever forget a drive along the Appian way just before sunset on a lovely afternoon in early June. In the bare pasture lands away on the left stand the great arches of Claudian's Aqueduct; all along by the wayside are ruins of tombs; in front, a little to the left, lie the Albanian Mountains. It was a glorious drive,—a drive never to be forgotten. Rogers felt the charm of the Campagna when he wrote:

> "Ah, little thought I, when in school I sate,
> A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn,
> Glowing with Roman story, I should live
> To tread the Appian, once an avenue
> Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
> Their doors sealed up, and silent as the night,
> The dwellings of the illustrious dead"

The country is as silent as the grave; there is nothing to keep your thoughts in the present; and the old arches and tombs take full possession, they carry all before them, and you live for the time in another age.

Two thousand years seem to vanish, the 19th century becomes a myth, the old Roman days return. It seems

> "As though it still were theirs,
> And they might come and claim their own again.'

Such impressions never wholly fade, they become a part of oneself, the choicest of the pleasures of Memory which, with the pleasures of Hope, make up the sum of human joy. To the vividness and strength with which Rome's great ruins strike the mind and imagination the world owes the history of the decline and fall of that wonderful Empire, grand even in its decay.

My friend brought me back into the present very effectually, by remarking that if I should wish to examine the arch of the Aqueduct I had better not go across the fields. It was dangerous. He had tried it once with some ladies, and had had a desperate fight with a bull. In seeking for details, I found, however, that the affair was not nearly so sanguinary as I had imagined,—in fact, the bull had merely looked over a fence at the party; but the look was so expressive that it was quite easy to conjure up a picture of what might have taken place had the bull been on the other side of the fence.

On returning to the city about dark, we took dinner in an hotel just opposite the magnificent column of Marcus Aurelius in the Piazza di Colonna. It was very charming afterwards to sit outside, drinking coffee and listening to the band which played at the foot of the Column, and as the electric light, at times, revealed the words, Armenia, Germania, and the bas reliefs of the victories of Aurelius over the Germans, it seemed marvellous that this great monument should have been standing there in all its impressiveness nearly two thousand years.

W. J. MESSENGER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the McGILL FORTNIGHTLY:

DEAR SIR,

As a graduate of McGill University, and one who has college interests at heart, I wish to draw your attention and that of your readers to what dangerously resembles a species of petty tyranny, now being exercised over the "East Wing" of the College.

In your last issue, you note the fact of the Alumnæ Society wishing to hold a joint meeting with the Delta Sigma Society.

This movement, which was inaugurated by the women graduates, with the idea of increasing college spirit and of widening the college sphere socially and intellectually, was settled without satisfactory reason —"The Donaldas were too fond of innovations, and such a plan was not to be considered."

An innovation which was *not* requested by the Donaldas, and which could be more easily dispensed with than occasions for the cultivation of college spirit, has, however, been arbitrarily imposed upon students taking a post-graduate cause, *viz.*, that of having all women-graduates attending lectures appear in academic dress. A fine of five dollars ($5.00) is quoted as the penalty, should the new regulation be broken.

This is not in accordance with the Calendar law, which reads as follows: "*Undergraduates* wear the Academic dress; *others do not.*"

The cap and gown are in favor among the ladies, but they object to the rule for wearing them being enforced to such an extent that they are obliged to go in all kinds of weather from their building to the museum and library in this comparatively light winter costume. If pegs were provided in these buildings, the students might keep extra gowns on hand, but it is a question if the regulation is so rigid that no exceptions can be made in the observation of it.

Again, an able lecturer on mission work, who was passing through Montreal a few days ago, would have addressed the "Theo Dora" Society, but opposition and objections were met with in this case as well, and the scheme had to be abandoned.

Now, it is all well and good to have certain forms attached to the movements of any organization, but in the same spirit of courtesy and obedience in which the students greet these, so should the reasonable requests made by them be met and answered. It is surely more than the *letter* of University law that should be observed. The students are no longer school children, and are supposed to have got beyond the rule of pedagogue and strap.

To many, I may seem to be making "much ado about nothing," but it is just by such little things as I have cited that the character of college life is made pleasant or unpleasant to the student.

In these cases. I see no reason why due consideration should not be paid to the wishes of the students. They form an important part, if not *the* important part, of University life, and the harmony which such consideration would establish between the governing body and themselves would be conducive to the welfare not only of a part of the college, but to the University at large.

Trusting that you will grant space enough in your columns to place my protest on record, as I express not only my own feelings but what I consider to be the feelings of most of the students,

I remain,

Yours truly,

GRADUATE.

To the Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY.

DEAR SIR,

The correspondence in your columns regarding the subject of a "Union Club" at McGill, and your editorial remarks thereon, have made many of your readers wish that a project so fraught with possibilities for social enjoyment and for the development of a real university spirit among the undergraduates should at least be given a fair trial.

Any movement in this direction must, as your correspondent has pointed out, emanate from the undergraduates themselves, for unless they inaugurate such a club and have a large share in its management it will be doomed to ultimate failure, as was a former undertaking of the same nature. With the view of giving an initial impetus to such a project, the University Glee and Banjo Club has at a recent meeting decided to devote the proceeds of their Christmas tour as a nucleus towards the foundation of a "McGill Union Club."

With such a beginning would it not be possible to take further action by calling a mass meeting of undergraduates at an early date, when a permanent committee, composed of energetic men from the different faculties, might be chosen to take the subject into consideration.

As your correspondent has said, if the students manifest an interest in such a club, the many graduates and friends of the University will doubtless, as formerly, not be slow to render assistance.

Executive Committee,
Glee ana Baujo Club.

THE UNIVERSITY LECTURE.

The Annual University lecture was delivered by Sir William Dawson, the Emeritus Principal, on Thursday, Nov. 30th. As is generally the case when anything of more than usual moment is going on at McGill, the William Molson Hall was packed to the doors by the students and friends of the University. An additional interest was lent to the occasion by the fact that the address was of a valedictory nature, and that His Excellency Lord Aberdeen was to be there in his official capacity as Visitor of the University. At 2.30 p.m. the convocation met in the old library, and at 3 o'clock proceeded to the lecture hall. The students, as usual, occupied themselves during the interval in their own peculiar manner. As the Governor-General entered, the audience rose and sang "God Save the Queen." The chair was occupied by Lord Aberdeen, with Sir Donald Smith, the Chancellor, on his right, and Sir William Dawson on his left. The rest of the platform was occupied by Professors and graduates in their gorgeous hoods, like Joseph's coat of many colors.

Sir Donald Smith, whom all were glad to welcome back to McGill, in a few well-chosen words, in which he regretted that Sir William found it necessary to resign the Principalship, called upon Sir William to deliver his lecture upon "Thirty-eight years in McGill."

Sir William Dawson then rose, and was greeted with loud applause and cheers:

Having been invited by the acting Principal and the Corporation to deliver once more the annual University lecture, this has appeared to be an occasion on which you would bear with me in retracing some of the footsteps of the past, as a suitable close to the official work of nearly a lifetime, and as a farewell address to the friends and colleagues with whom I have labored so long and with so much happiness to myself. We may have perfect faith in the practical wisdom of the apostolic maxim, "forgetting the things that are behind, press forward to those that are before." Yet we may have equal faith in recalling the memories of the past in "remembering the mercies that are of old," as well as the errors and shortcomings of former years, that we may draw lessons from all as to the present and the future. It may, for instance, be interesting, perhaps even useful, to young men to know how I

FIRST BECAME CONNECTED WITH MCGILL.

My plans for life lay in an entirely different direction. I had prepared myself, as far as was possible at the time, for field work in geology, and my ambition was to secure employment of this kind; or next to this, to have the privilege of teaching my favorite science, with sufficient spare time to prosecute original work. In connection with this ambition, after having attained to some little reputation by papers published under the auspices of the Geological Society of London, I accepted an invitation to deliver a course of lectures on geology and allied subjects in Dalhousie College, Halifax, in the winter of 1849-50. When in Halifax, I had some conversation with Messrs. Young and Howe, afterwards Sir Wm. Young and Sir Joseph Howe, at that time governors of Dalhousie College and the leaders of the Provincial Government, as to a new school law they were preparing for Nova Scotia, and in which important improvements were introduced. I had at the time no thought of being connected with the administration of the act. In the following spring, however, I was surprised with the offer of the position of super-

intendent of education, established under the new law. I had many reasons for declining the task, but my friends would take no refusal, and I consoled myself with the consideration that the visitation of the school districts throughout the province, which was one part of the work, would give great facilities for making myself acquainted with the geology of the country. For three years I was engaged in this work, and besides writing educational reports, and administering the new school law, conducting an educational journal, visiting schools, and holding teachers' institutes, had collected the materials for several papers published in England, as well as for my Acadian Geology, which, however, did not appear till 1855. In 1852, when on a geological excursion with my friend, Sir Charles Lyell, I was introduced by him to Sir Edmund Head, the governor of New Brunswick, who was much occupied at the time with the state of education in that province, and in particular as to its provincial university ; and in 1854 he invited me along with the late Dr. Ryerson, to be a member of a commission which had been appointed, to suggest means for the improvement of the provincial University. This work was scarcely finished when Sir Edmund was promoted to be the governor-general of Canada, and removed to Quebec, where, under the new charter granted to McGill College in 1852, he became visitor of the University ; and as he was known to be a man of pronounced literary and scientific tastes and an active worker in the reforms then recently carried out in the English universities, the governors of McGill naturally counted on his aid in the arduous struggle on which they had entered. Accordingly, soon after Sir Edmund's arrival, a deputation of the board waited on him, and one of the subjects on which they asked his advice was the filling of the office of principal, which was yet vacant. Sir Edmund mentioned my name as that of a suitable person. At first, as one of them afterwards admitted to me, they were somewhat disconcerted. They were very desirous for the best reasons to follow Sir Edmund's counsel, but with his knowledge of the available men in England, of some of whom they had already heard, they were somewhat surprised that he should name a comparatively unknown colonist. In the meantime, ignorant of all this, I was prosecuting a candidature for the chair of Natural History in my Alma Mater, the University of Edinburgh, vacant by the death of Prof. Edward Forbes, and in which I was strongly supported by the leading geologists of the time. By a strange coincidence, just as I was about to leave Halifax for England in connection with this candidature, intelligence arrived that the Edinburgh chair had been filled at an earlier date than my friends had anticipated, and at the same time a letter reached me from Judge Day offering me

THE PRINCIPALSHIP OF MCGILL.

I had determined in any case to visit England, to attend the meeting of the British Association in Glasgow and to thank the many friends who had promoted my Edinburgh candidature, but postponed my departure for a week, that I might consult my family, and decided to accept the Montreal offer, provided that a professorship of geology or natural history were coupled with the office. Thus it happened that I became connected with McGill in its infancy under its new management, and the story forms a striking illustration of the way in which Providence shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may. Its lesson is that young men should qualify themselves well for some specialty, but should also be sufficiently general in their training to adapt themselves to new and unforeseen pursuits.

As I have referred to Sir Edmund Head, I may say that he continued to be an active friend of the University during his term of office and after he returned to England. This is true also of his successors, all of whom have shown a kindly interest in our work, so that our visitor has all along been a power for good. The present Governor-General has already, by his presence and words of cheer on a recent public occasion, given an earnest that in this respect he will, like his predecessors, prove a warm friend and kindly patron of the higher education in Canada.

When I accepted the principalship of McGill, I had not been in Montreal, and knew the college and men connected with it only by reputation. I first saw it in October, 1855. Materially, it was represented by two blocks of unfinished and partly ruinous buildings, standing amid a wilderness of excavators' and masons, rubbish, overgrown with weeds and bushes. The grounds were unfenced and pastured at will by herds of cattle, which not only cropped the grass, but browsed on the shrubs, leaving unhurt only one great elm, which still stands as the "founder's tree," and a few old oaks and butternuts, most of which have had to give place to our new buildings. The only access from the town was by a circuitous and ungraded cart track, almost impassable at night. The buildings have been abandoned by the new board, and the classes of the Faculty of Arts were held in the upper storey of a brick building in the town, the lower part of which was occupied by the High School. I

HAD BEEN PROMISED A RESIDENCE,

and this I found was to be a portion of one of the detached buildings aforesaid, the present east wing. It had been very imperfectly finished, was destitute of most of the requisites of civilized life, and in front of it was a bank of rubbish and loose stones with a swamp below, while the interior was in an indescribable state of dust and disrepair. At first I was disposed to remain in our hotel for the winter, and repair the house at leisure ; but my wife, who I fear was moved to tears by the sight of what we had come to, insisted that it would be months before the house could be put in order, and that it could be done only under her personal supervision. So we had as soon as possible to take up our quarters in the barn-like residence, and while I went out daily to my college work, my wife had to remain at home superintending workmen, and we had to receive many of the citizens who were so kind as to call on us, in the midst of all the confusion of plastering, papering, painting and cleaning. The residence was only a type of the difficulties and discouragements which met us in every

quarter, and a not very favorable introduction to the Protestant education of the Province of Quebec.

On the other hand, I found in

THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

a body of able and earnest men, aware of the difficulties they had to encounter, fully impressed with the importance of the ends to be attained, and having sufficient culture and knowledge of the world to appreciate the best means for attaining these ends. They were greatly hampered by lack of means, but had that courage which enables risks to be run to secure important objects. I may mention here a few of these men. Judge Day was a man of acute legal mind, well educated and well read, a clear and persuasive speaker, and wholly devoted to the interest of education, and especially to the introduction into the college course of studies in science and modern literature. Christopher Dunkin was a graduate of the University of London, educated first in Glasgow and afterwards in University College, and who had held a tutorial position in Harvard before he came to Canada. He had made college work and management a special study, and was thoroughly equipped to have been himself a college president or principal, had he not had before him the greater attractions of legal and political success. Hew Ramsay was an admirable example of an educated Scotchman of literary taste and business capacity. David Davidson was also a product of Scottish college training and a warm and zealous friend of education, with great sagacity and sound judgment. James Ferrier should have been mentioned first. He was a member of the old Board of the Royal Institution and senior member of the new, but voluntarily resigned the presidency in favor of Judge Day, in the interest, as he believed, of the University. He was longer with us than any of the others, and no man could be a more devoted worker in the cause of education. Such men as these and their colleagues ensured public confidence and a wise and enlightened management.

THE TEACHING STAFF,

of the University then consisted of three faculties,— those of Law, Medicine and Arts. The Faculty of Law had two professors and two lecturers. The Faculty of Medicine, the oldest and most prosperous of the three, had ten professors and a demonstrator. The Faculty of Arts, four professors and a lecturer, and all of these except one gave only a part of their time to college work. They were, however, able and efficient men. Dr. Leach, who represented philosophy and allied subjects, was a man of rare gifts and of warm attachment to the College ; Dr. Davies, a man of great learning, was shortly afterwards appointed to Regent's Park College, London ; Dr. DeSola was an expert in Oriental languages and literature, and Mr. Markgraf represented modern languages ; while Dr. Howe gave what time he could spare from the High School to his favorite mathematical and physical subjects. My own lectures in Natural Science came in aid of this slender staff, raising the professorate in Arts to five. It was well for me that the dean of the Medical faculty, Dr. Holmes, was a man of scientific tastes and an accomplished mineralogist and botanist, as this led at once to my lectures being taken advantage of by the Medical students as well as those in Arts. Thus while the whole students in Arts were only at that time 15, I began a course of lectures in 1855, with a large class, attended by some of the Medical professors and by gentlemen from the city, as well as by the students. At the same time, a good deal was done to perfect and render more definite the course in Arts, which even in the session of 1855-6 was becoming so moulded as to bear some resemblance to its present arrangements. The University at this time had no library and no museum, and its philosophical apparatus was limited to a few instruments presented to it some time before by the late Mr. Skakel. I had to use my own private collections and specimens borrowed from the Natural History Society to illustrate my lectures.

(*To be continued*).

SOCIETIES.

DELTA SIGMA.

The meeting of this Society on Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock opened with a discussion upon the advisability of accepting an invitation from the Alumnæ, requesting that the two societies combine in holding a joint meeting in January, to which the ladies of the Montreal Club should be invited as guests. After an animated and interesting discussion it was decided that the Montreal Club should not be invited, it being an element exterior to college life.

Moved by Miss Warner, seconded by Miss Mackenzie, and unanimously carried : That a request be sent to the Faculty for permission to hold this meeting.

The debate for the day was : Resolved,—That country life is more desirable for women than city life.

Supported on the affirmative by Miss Pitcher and Miss Dover, on the negative by Miss Hammond and Miss Holden.

Before it could be decided whether country or city life was the more desirable, Miss Pitcher stated that we must know what were the principal characteristics of our ideal woman. These, she affirmed, were spirituality, love and sympathy. That these could best be promoted and strengthened in the country, where one is face to face with nature and her sights and sounds, not with block after block of houses built upon the same plan, amid the roar of street cars and street venders. In the country there was more likelihood of having time for reading, where social duties pressed less heavily, and being removed to a greater or less extent from intercourse with others, the mind was compelled to fall back upon itself for enjoyment. Another point to be gained was that in the country hired help was more difficult to be had than in the city, and on this account daughters were required to go into the kitchen, and there learned what is so necessary for a woman to know.

Miss Hammond replied that woman's work in the

country was as toilsome as in the city, and when a spare hour came the worker was too tired to take up a book, and would prefer a voyage to Dreamland. That in the city there was a stimulus to self-improvement which did not exist elsewhere. Public libraries, museums and art galleries were easily accessible. Lectures and places of profit as well as amusement could be attended when such a thing would be impossible in the country. Take a country girl, bring her to a city, and she is amazed, knows not what to do with herself nor what to make of others. In society her manners are uncouth —she is, in fact, "green."

Miss Dover affirmed that woman had been created that she might be the companion of man,—his friend in solitude, the comfort of his home. The word *home*, she said, did not suggest a *flat* approached by an elevator, but rather a cottage situated in green fields, mountains behind, flowers in front, a babbling brook in the vicinity pouring forth its song in gentle cadence ; that these were the surroundings best suited for the development of woman's highest nature and that there she should wish to reign.

This elicited the reply from Miss Holden, that an ideal spot had been presented, in reality ; if you went to the country you would in all probability see a yellow house of two flats, not a tree about the place, and if there was a brook all bushes would be cut down from its banks for the safe passage of cattle. What comforts a woman had in the country were derived from the city ; to it she went for pleasure and enjoyment, and from it she invited friends.

In the few minutes given for reply, Miss Pitcher said she thought the average country house was not such as had just been described, but rather a white-washed log house, clean and neat without and within. And that if facilities for improvement were more numerous and varied in the city, those in the country were more beneficial in that they were more used The city girl had so many books, she could only fly from one to another in a butterfly fashion ; the country girl, having but few, read each carefully, and therefore derived more profit from them.

The votes of the audience showed a decided majority in favor of the affirmative.

Miss Mackenzie, Arts '94, ably supplied the office of critic,—at no time a very enviable one. Fault was found that each side had painted the other in colors of the deepest dye, instead of arguing on common ground upon persons of the same class ; but remarked that all the speakers had shown care in preparation, and had acquitted themselves well. And that seeing they were only freshmen and sophomores—loud applause prevented the sentence being finished for some time ; brilliant debates were to be expected from them in their senior year.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Members' Reunion on Thanksgiving Day was a very pleasant social feature. We sincerely hope it will result in increased interest on the part of the membership.

On Sunday, November 19th, there were presentations made of the claims of distinctively religious callings on College men. Messrs. Ross and Taylor made pleas for the Foreign Mission Field, presenting its pressing needs and the opportunities it affords of making the most of one's life.

Mr. W. H. Ball, Physical Director of the Montreal Y. M. C. A., spoke strongly on the claims of the General Secretaryship and Physical Directorship upon College men.

This is a new calling, one which affords abundant opportunity, and demanding men of education and ability. We believe the only McGill man who has entered this field of work is Mr. Jas. Naismith, B.A., who is now Professor in the Y. M. C. A. Training School at Springfield, Mass., an institution for preparing men to efficiently fill these positions.

Two meetings during the last fortnight have been led by First year men ; we hope others will come to the front before the session ends. On Sunday afternoon, December 3rd, the Association meeting did not take place, to give opportunity for Mr. M. C. Fenwick, Missionary from Corea, to address the Students.

We cannot but make reference to the words of Sir Wm. Dawson in the "University Lecture ;" it was most gratifying to hear his words of appreciation concerning the past influence of the Association and his hope for its future.

As early as 1886, an Association building has been planned for, but to-day we are still without one ; the article in this issue on the "Inter-Collegiate Movement" will furnish our readers with our present situation and anticipations.

We draw special attention to the address by Mr. Chas. T. Williams on Sunday, December 17th ; this will be the first meeting this year to be addressed by anyone not connected with McGill. Mr. Williams is a business man, very practical, and a pleasing speaker. Do not fail to hear him, and do your best to work up a good attendance for the last meeting of 1893.

McGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

A regular meeting of the above Society was held Saturday evening, Nov. 18th, and proved to be the most successful meeting yet held this session. Mr. McIntosh, the president, presided over a well attended meeting with his usual tact and ability.

The meeting decided to secure copies of each issue of the McGILL FORTNIGHTLY, and at the close of the session have them bound and placed in the Library o the Society.

A handsome portrait of the late Richard MacDonnell, M.D., the work of Notman & Sons, was exhibited for the approval of the members before being finally purchased.

The portrait is remarkably life-like, and reflects great credit upon the photographer.

The meeting decided to keep the portrait, and ordered similar ones of our late Dean, Dr. Howard, and the late Professor of Medicine, Dr. Ross The three

are to be handsomely framed and hung in the reading-room of the Society.

After the transaction of some other business items, Mr. F. M. Fry, B.A., was called upon to present his case report on "Mitral Stenosis." The subject matter of the report, together with the admirable manner in which it was presented, made the paper an extremely interesting one, and evoked a fruitful discussion among the members at its close.

J. H. Scammell gave a very interesting account of the "Presence of a foreign body in the Trachea," the case having been observed by him during the summer. Having given a very vivid description of the accident and the symptoms, he carefully explained the methods employed in the attempt to remove it, and humorously pointed out how the body was finally expelled by the patient in making a superhuman effort to reach the home base, in a game of base-ball in which he was taking part, thus proving how much more potent an agent the diamond was in this case than the surgeon's steel.

After tendering a vote of thanks to each of the speakers, the meeting adjourned.

Y. W. C. A.

We spent a happy half hour on Friday, November 24th, when Sir William Dawson spoke to us on the subject "Bear ye one another's burdens." He connected it with the verse "For every man shall bear his own burden," and showed us the relation which these verses bear to each other. Sir William suggested to us lines of thought, which will be very helpful if we take them to ourselves and carry them into practice. Those verses have taken a deeper and richer meaning, and they hold so much more than we thought they did. We earnestly hope that at some future time we will again enjoy a like privilege.

CLASSICAL CLUB.

The Classical Club held its first regular meeting on Saturday, 25th ult., in Class Room No. 3, East Wing. President Davis opened the meeting at 8 p.m. Business over, the attractive part of the programme was introduced.

Mr. W. P. Garrett, of the class of '94, read a carefully prepared essay on 'The Origin and Development of Greek Comedy." Comedy had its beginning, the writer said, in the Festivals of Dionysius. It underwent three stages of development: First, there was the personal and political caricature of the old Comedy; second, the more general and literary caricature of the middle Comedy; and finally, that growth which corresponds to our modern comic drama. The essayist sustained a marked interest in his audience throughout.

Mr. D. T. Davis, of the Class of '94, then read an excellent paper on "Aristophanes and The Frogs." His introduction formed a brief sketch of the period from Athens' fall from her Imperial Supremacy to a secondary place. This led up to a brief biography of Aristophanes gathered from internal material in the play.

The attitude of Aristophanes to the times in which he lived, his satires on p litics and on literature of his day, his conservative tendencies—these formed the leading topics of the Essay around which were grouped many humorous illustrations and incidents.

The spirit of "The Frogs" was represented in a delightfully entertaining manner. In fact, judging by the enthusiasm of the well represented club and concluding commendation of the critic, each of the essayists had done credit to his subject, and had amply rewarded the members who had given their evening to the cultivation of a deeper classical interest.

The next fortnightly meeting will be held in No. 3 Class Room, East Wing, on December 9th. Subject: Greek Eschatology, by Mr. John L. Day, B.A.

MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

Regular meeting of the Association was held in the Lecture room of the Comparative Medicine Faculty, Friday evening, 24th inst.

Prof. Baker occupied the chair for the evening, and the meeting was well attended.

After the regular business of the Association had been transacted, Mr. R. Thomas reported a case: Operation of Lithotomy.

Mr. G. P. Baker read an Essay: Farcy and Glanders in Horse. Mr. J. A. Buchan also read an Essay: Teeth as an indicator of age. Both essays brought out quite a discussion from its members and others.

The meeting was finally adjourned for two weeks.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

The regular weekly meeting of the Literary was held on the evening of Nov. 24th. President Lambly occupied the chair, and called the meeting to order at 8 p.m. sharp as usual. Under his business-like direction the routine work was quickly despatched, and then the members settled down to enjoy the evening's entertainment.

Mr. Harrington of the First year began the programme with a reading. Mr. Graham followed with a banjo solo, which was so highly appreciated that Mr. Graham consented to give an *encore*.

The President appointed Mr. Sutherland critic, and Mr. R. Hanran reporter. The debate then demanded attention. Mr. D. T. Davis consented to take the place of Mr. Archibald, who was unavoidably absent. The subject of debate was:—"Resolved, that Tennyson is a greater poet than Longfellow."

The speakers were:—On the Affirmative, Messrs. M. Dickson, Arts '94, E. E. Howard, Arts '95, F. Saunders, Arts '96; on the Negative, Messrs. W. M. Mackercher, Arts '94, F. Connor, Sci. '94, and D. T. Davis, Arts '94. The debate was very interesting and well sustained throughout, the merits and beauties of the two great poets being ably set forth by the debaters. The audience gave its decision in favor of the Negative.

Mr. Sutherland gave an able criticism of the proceedings, after which the meeting adjourned.

The next regular meeting of the Literary was held on the 1st inst., and proved to be one of the most interesting held this session. Mr. Lambly occupied the chair.

After the appointment of Mr. Garrett as critic and Mr. Cole as reporter, the routine business was despatched and the extraordinary business taken up.

The Secretary read a communication from Toronto University, inviting the Society to take part in an inter-collegiate debate to be held in Toronto early next session. The Society decided to accept the invitation, and a motion to that effect was passed. It was necessary then to appoint two men to go to Toronto and meet the champions of 'Varsity at this debate. Four men were nominated. The voting was by ballot, and much satisfaction was manifested when the result of the balloting showed that Mr. E. E. Howard, Arts '95, and Mr. Mullin, Law '96, had been elected. A motion to the effect that the secretaries of each of the years of the different Faculties be authorized to canvass the members of his year and the professors for subscriptions to defray the expenses of the inter-collegiate debate, was carried unanimously.

It was moved by Mr. A. C. Hanson, seconded by Mr. Hopkins:—That the President, when he rises to put the question for the decision of a debate, shall make a brief and unprejudiced summary of all the important arguments brought forward on both sides of the question.

This motion met with a great deal of opposition, although one which, if passed, would have solved a good many of the difficulties now attending an impartial decision of any question. Consequent upon this opposition the motion was lost.

As it was now rather late, and so much business had already been transacted, the programme was proceeded with. First came a reading by Mr. Saxe, Arts '97, which was rendered with great feeling and expression, and was much applauded. Then came—instead of an essay—a recitation by Mr. W. M. McKeracher, which was given most admirably and most deservedly applauded.

The debate on the subject:—"Resolved, that the present system of examination is not a test of scholarship," followed. The speakers were:—On the Affirmative, Messrs. Lewis, N. Trenholme and A. R. Ross; on the Negative, Messrs. Naylor, Harper and Scrimger. The debate was well and vigorously contested, so much so that it was difficult to come to a decision which side had advanced the stronger arguments; the audience decided in favor of the Negative.

Mr. Garrett gave his critique, after which the Society, on the motion of Mr. D. T. Davis, adjourned until after the holidays, and soon quiet and darkness reigned over the room where shortly before the votaries of Apollo had struggled so eagerly and keenly for victory.

OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER.

The members' reunion, held under the auspices of the McGill Y. M. C. A., on Thanksgiving Day, in the Y. M. C. A. building on Dominion Square, was a very enjoyable event. The management of the Association is to be congratulated upon the success attending their efforts to give a pleasant and profitable evening to a large number of the members.

About one hundred and twenty-five students, representing all the Faculties, sat down to dinner shortly after six o'clock, in one of the beautiful parlors of the Y. M. C. A. building: President Day and Mr. Budge, Secretary of the City Y. M. C A., and the untiring friend of all that stands for right and truth in McGill, occupied seats at the centre of the table that ran parallel to the platform, while the other officers presided over the tables that extended at right angles to it. A sumptuous repast was provided, which the men seemed to enjoy in true student style.

After the different courses had been duly discussed, the President said that the programme would begin with a chorus. Mr. Becket presided at the piano. The chorus was rendered with the usual vigor, and then the company settled down to listen to the President's address. Mr. Day extended a hearty welcome to the men who had entered the University this year, and assured them that they would find in the Association means to help them in obtaining a true education, mental and spiritual. He read a letter from Dr. Hamilton, a former president of the Association, stating the regret he felt in not being able to be present, and his firm belief in the great benefit to be derived by engaging heartily in Christian work in college. Mr. Day thought that the members of the McGill Y. M. C. A. had special cause for thankfulness because of the progress that had been made during the past year The organization was better, the finances were in better shape, and much more interest was taken in the work of the Association by the students and members of the Faculties. The burst of applause which greeted his reference to the work of the General Secretary, Mr. Leslie, showed in a measure how the men appreciate the unflagging zeal for and unselfish devotion to the highest interests of the Students displayed by Mr. Leslie. The President concluded by urging the importance of a good attendance at the coming annual meeting.

The next item, a piano solo by Mr. A. G. Nicholls, editor-in-chief of the FORTNIGHTLY, was well received. Mr. Geo. Weir gave a recitation in a very entertaining manner, and then a boisterous sound of applause drew the attention of all to the fact that Mr. Leslie was on his feet. We were assured that he was all right, and when someone, who must have been dreaming of home or some other distant place, innocently enquired "Who is all right?" he was at once informed by every man present that it was "Percy Leslie." The General Secretary's address was delivered in his usual vigorous, epigrammatic style. He said that the Association *had been* with many no more than existing. The present occasion caused them to feel that there was a higher purpose for the College C. A. to attain than a mere existence. The problem of how to make the Association a more potent factor in college life required a solution. What was required was that the rank and file of

the membership should be hearty in their sympathy and earnest in their co-operation. This could be done by cultivating acquaintances made through the Association, by becoming a regular attendant at the meetings, by letting one's influence be exerted for all that is true and Christian.

A chorus followed, and then the President called upon Mr. Budge. He was greeted with three cheers and a tiger in true McGill style, and was attentively listened to during his brief address.

Mr. Weir again entertained the audience with a recitation. The meeting was appropriately closed with the Doxology.

SPORTING COLUMN.

FOOTBALL NEWS.

The annual general meeting of the McGill University Football Club was held in the Arts Building on Saturday 25th November, at 8 p.m. The meeting was called to order shortly after eight o'clock, the president, Mr. Donahue, in the chair. After the minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed, the secretary read his report reviewing the last year's work. The practices had been well attended, and as a result of hard work our second and third fifteens had won the Intermediate and Junior championships of the Province of Quebec. The first fifteen had not done so well, but we can't have everything in this world, so we have to be content with two championships this year, though next year we look forward to *four*. The treasurer then read his report showing the Club to be in a healthy condition, having a balance of about $18.00 in hand, with an expenditure of something over $200.00. This report being audited and found correct was adopted.

The next business was the election of officers for the coming year, which resulted as follows:

Hon. President—Prof. J. T. Nicolson (re-elected).
Hon. Treas.—Dr. Ruttan (re-elected).
President—W. F. Angus.
Vice-President—Chas. Gaudet.
Sec.—J. Claude Hickson.
Treas.—W. G. Turner.
Capt. 1st XV.—Lorne Drum.

COMMITTEE.

Arts.	*Medicine.*
G. Schwartz.	P. Leslie.
R. McDougall.	J. Tees.
App. Science.	*Law.*
S. Davidson.	W. Donahue.
F. A. Wilkin.	A. Ogilvie.

Vet. Science & Comp. Med.
A. Cowan.

New business was now in order, and a long discussion ensued as to the choosing of teams.

Eventually it was moved by Johnson, and seconded by Mathewson that the clause in the Constitution read: "That the captains have full power to pick their own teams." It was moved in amendment by Angus, seconded by Baker, that the old arrangement be adhered to, with the provision that members of the match committee be playing members of the club. The amendment was put before the meeting and lost. the motion was then carried by a ⅔ majority, thus altering the constitution. Mr. Drum, followed by Mr. Hickson, in eloquent language, moved a vote of thanks to the retiring officers of the club for the active interest they had shown in the management of the club during the past year. There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

W. F. A.

SMOKING CONCERT.

A large and enthusiastic body of students were assembled in the Victoria Armory on the evening of the 22nd ult. The occasion was the Annual Smoking Concert of the McGill University Football Club. A very enjoyable evening was spent. The literary and musical part of the entertainment was excellent, while the most ardent lover of "My Lady Nicotine" must have been satisfied with the attention paid to the object of his devotion. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

1. President's address,	Mr. Donahue.
2. Chorus,	App. Sci. Glee Club.
3. Song,	Mr. Edwards.
4. Recitation,	Mr. Wright.
5. Instrumental Solo,	Mr. Fisk.
6. Song,	Mr. Dyer.
7. Glee,	University Glee Club.
8. Song,	Mr. Wolf.
9. Recitation,	Mr. Thick.
10. Song,	Mr. White.
11. Song,	Mr. Scott.

PART II.

1. Selection,	University Banjo Club
2. Song,	Mr. White.
3. Recitation,	Mr. Thick.
4. Instrumental Solo,	Mr. Fisk.
5. Recitation,	Mr. Donald Guthrie.
6. Song,	Mr. Scott.
7. Piano Solo,	Mr. Fairie.

Mr. Dyer as accompanist contributed greatly to the success of the evening.

Considerable interest was manifested at the first appearance for the season of the Applied Science Glee Club and the University Glee and Banjo Clubs. The acoustic properties of the hall are not what they might be, and the performers were often heard at a serious disadvantage. Notwithstanding this, however, all three clubs acquitted themselves admirably, and satisfied the listener that they had been making excellent use of their time. The performance of the University Glee Club was a genuine surprise. Its first appearance reflected great credit on its management, and gave promise of a more successful winter's work.

Among so much that was excellent, it is difficult to

particularize. The "hit" of the evening, however, was undoubtedly Mr. Scott's song, in which even THE FORTNIGHTLY did not escape its share of attention. Mr. Thick's selections from Artemus Ward were well rendered. Mr. Thick may, as he admits, be "no surgist," but how his impersonation of Lord Dundreary could be improved upon is certainly "one of those things no fellah can understand." Mr. Donald Guthrie was obliged to wait until the clouds of smoke had to some extent moved away, when he related the adventures of "Swate Teni O Gallagher" in his own inimitable way.

A piano solo by Mr. Fairie ended a most successful Smoking Concert.

The piano used on the occasion was kindly loaned by Lindsay of St. Catherine St.

CLASS REPORTS.

ARTS NOTES.

"How tempus is fugiting!" as the Junior remarked when he suddenly awoke to the fact that examinations begin in a week.

On the evening of Saturday, Nov. 18th, Mrs. Dr. J. Clark Murray was "At Home" to the students in Honor Philosophy. A pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. Wm. M. MacKeracher has been chosen Valedictorian for 1894.

"A grind" was held in the Philosophy class-room on Thursday, Nov. 30th, to which all the students of the Fourth year were invited. They all speak very highly of the entertaining powers of their host, and look forward with great pleasure to December 18th, for which they have received invitations.

We are afraid that Thanksgiving Day was not a day of continual rejoicing to all the Juniors. We learn that many found it advantageous to act upon the hint jokingly given by a Senior Professor, namely, to use that day in preparation for the exam. in Greek the following day. However, they have been thankful ever since that it is over.

The Freshmen are wearing rather long faces just now, for they have been informed that they will be held responsible at the sessional examination for the work done in Classics during the whole year.

Prof. (in Fourth year Latin class).—"Well, gentlemen, I'll give you back your exercises. Ahem! McK——. Yes, very good. Where is McK——? Is McK—— not here?"

One of the students (who knows).—"Please, sir, McK—— is a Donalda."

Tuesday, 11 a. m.

First Freshie,—"Say, wasn't that awful?"

Second Ditto:—"Well, I should say! Guess if that's what our Greek exams. are like, I'm in for a 'sup.' How is it with you?"

It is suprising with what *uniformity* the Juniors agree in the opinion that is is not easy to write an essay on a philosophical subject. Perhaps this is only *natural* under the circumstances.

A bell is now rung every morning at 10 o'clock by the janitor, to summon the students to prayers. Already the good effects of this innovation are seen in the increased attendance. It is acknowledged generally that there is some peculiar "occulta vis" in a bell to bring people to church.

We are pleased to note that our honored Dean has almost wholly recovered from the indisposition that prevented his attendance at the University Lecture.

The Faculty, with their characteristic forethought for the interests and convenience of the students, have decided to place the large room formerly occupied by the Library in the hands of the students, to be used by them as a study-room between lectures. A committee of students, appointed by themselves, will have charge of the room.

"This should never be." We do not complain particularly about having to walk an extra half-mile and back in order to reach the University Gymnasium, because it is situated so far from the College, nor do we make moan because we must go at a limited number of stated hours (a very limited number, indeed) or else be compelled to do without gymnastic training altogether; but, when we do have a chance to go, it makes us mad all over to be treated to an occasional shower-bath at unexpected moments, owing to the fact that the roof is leaky. Whenever it rains in the autumn or spring, or whenever it thaws in winter, it is positively dangerous to attend the "gym." on account of the pools of water on the floor and the delicious dripping from the ceiling. McGill may need a dining-hall, a Union Club, and a lot of other nice things, but there is, as we venture to think, nothing of which she stands in more immediate need than a respectably appointed gymnasium on the college grounds. He would be a benefactor, indeed, who would undertake to see such a gymnasium constructed.

Suggested at the last Foot-ball match, with acknowledgments to the *Radiator*:

"Breathes there the 'half' with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
As the "wings" all dropped upon his head,
——! ——— !! ———— !!! ————— !!!?"

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

QUERY :—Why are the reports from our Freshies like a machine in equilibrium?

ANS:—Because the sum of the moments of the one and the sum of the contributions in the other, so far, are both equal to zero.

Miss Warner (Honor Science) has been unanimously chosen as Valedictorian by her class-mates The speech in which she returned thanks for the honor conferred upon her was rich in promises of a clear and distinct articulation, on that auspicious occasion when she should be in a pcsition to dwell upon the many excellencies of the great "small" class of '94, when even the subdued and final farewell should be heard by those occupying seats on the window sills at the rear.

Can anyone inform a Junior whether "get a gait on" or "get a wiggle on" is the better slang?

Miss J—— wishes it to be made known that legal proceedings have been taken against the person who wilfully abstracted her English note-book from her desk.

Why should the presence of our pet reading-room mouse have caused such discomfiture to the Alumnæ? If they had waved a *cat*-alogue at him he would have cleared. And do tell us where his remains have been put, that we may give him decent burial.

TO GEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

Please handle carefully the specimen of Breccia found in old caves,for fear of hurting the tender feelings of that student, who remarked in sorrowful tones—"All that remains of poor old grand-pa."

"My good-Ness," said Greer as he replaced the sweet (Mc) Nider on the shelf, "what a Kee-n wind is blowing to-day! Say, Richards, won't you please shut the door."

"What's that Craik-ing noise?" said MacKeracher.

"I am unable to Judge," said the Newcombe-r; "but say, I think a walk to the Park-er somewhere else would be Dell-ightful, and I'm going."

If you'll let Mac Carry that pipe, I'll go with you," said the reporter, as he thought with re-Morris of neglected opportunities in that direction.

And then followed a great calm.

Mr. J. J. Judge has, owing to ill health, been obliged to return to his home at Troy, N.Y.

———

Messrs. Newcomb and Kee have again appeared on the scene after a conflict with the "grip."

———

The whole Faculty, and especially the Second year men, are glad to welcome back Mr. Zink, who has been ill at his home in Philadelphia for several weeks.

———

An unusual number of the Final year students are confined to their rooms owing to illness, and as the Xmas exams. are approaching it makes it still worse.

The new experimental committee deserve much praise for the business-like manner in which they are going about their work, and we have no doubt but that much benefit will be derived from the change.

At the Dean's request, the Students of the Final year visited C.P.R. and G.T.R. stables, and saw many interesting cases.

Richard is himself again.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

As hinted in last issue, the class-reporter has been away fishing, and to day we are able to offer at reasonable rates the finest and choicest samples of fish in the market. All these samples are taken alive, and are intended for propagation.

MACKEREL.

This is a beauty. It was taken near Montreal, after a long run up from the sea. It is well marked, being streaked with good luck and spotted for first place. It will need care for a while, as it is inclined to be caught by any dazzling bait that may be thrown to it. We would advise intending purchaser to keep bad boys away, as it would be very easily taken.

EEL.

There was some trouble in deciding to what family this specimen belonged, but finally, by referring to a well-known expert, one Swindlehurst and another, one Barron, together with a few other members of the Faculty of Law, together with a little reference to their note-books, determined its family to be that of the "Borrow-all-the-notes-you-canotidæ" It was suggested that it had been brought from Holland and had accidentally slipped overboard, but this theory was quickly given up on observing its voracious desire for food in the shape of "notes" done

up in the swindlehurst style with a barron clasp and a sawyer proof and seal. It has also wonderful tenacity for life, and speaking in round numbers may be the "dark horse" eeler after "biding a wee."

DORY.

This is a beautiful specimen, and was brought, direct from Europe, where it was caught in the Mediterranean. It is better known at home as J. D. or "jaune dorée," and true to its name is of a brilliant yellowish hue. We do not warrant this fish to live very long, however, for already it is giving signs of failing power, indicated by the tints of color emitted that are as varied as they are beautiful. It is a very active fish, too, darting now into one nook and again into another. This moment basking, as it were, in ecclesiastical sunlight, the next diving into a cave of Sauskitical and Hebraic intricacies, and anon pulling up in an antiquated rock-shelving, where, for the space, often, of sixty mortal seconds, it lies panting and dreaming between the lost-folds of the missing sheets of the palimpsest on which Gaius stamped his undying name.

SHARK.

It is not often that the students of McGill are permitted to gaze on a real live shark; but this week, thanks to the skill of the class-reporter, we are enabled not only to grant the privilege of an exhibition but even to sell a live shark,—indeed we are not quite sure but he is sold already. However, it's a question of time, you know—and a little coal oil, until this man-eater shall have demolished every "limb" of the law, and every "member" of the Faculty. In considering the advisability of letting him go, our friends advised that we give a free exhibition of our shark next April, when it is believed that someone will be willing to illustrate the peculiar manner of fighting adopted by this shark, and to fully demonstrate that when he is about to seize his prey he turns upon his side or back; that is the auspicious moment to gain an advantage over him. In the meantime, as we feed him daily, we shall endeavor to find out which way he most frequently inclines, and give the hint accordingly.

WHALE.

We have not space left sufficient to set forth the good qualities of this specimen, but we feel it our duty to state that it is the conviction of those who know most about his moods and methods, that he gives unmistakable signs of returning man-eating proclivities and it is feared that should any "person" accidentally trip on a "Ro-man Law (g")" and fall in, his "bill" would be in danger, and he would receive such a "cheque" that he would have such a "contract" on hand to get out again that the "Legal History" of his condition could scarcely be written. But seriously, it is believed that this whale is determined to swallow Jonas at Xmas, and, on the other hand, it is held on equally good authority, that even admitting this and further admitting, for argument sake, that he does swallow Jonas at Xmas, it is believed that Jonas will make it so uncomfortable for him that by April he will be glad to unload, and Jonas will come out all right. Still, the matter is at present unsatisfactory, as none of the higher courts have, as yet, pronounced upon it. Indeed, it has not come square before any of the courts, but there will be a kind of enquête somewhere about Xmas.

———

We offer our congratulations to Prof. J. S. Archibald on his elevation to the bench as a Judge of the Superior Court. His is a well-deserved honor.

———

Has anybody read "Jones on Petitions"?

———

A law student wants to know if a cross-examination is ever a good-natured one?

———

"May it please your Honor, I desire to apply for a writ of '*supersedeas*,'" said a lank, cadaverous-looking member of the bar.

"A very appropriate request," said a bystander.

———

Sydney Bartlett, when 90 years of age, conducted in masterly style a difficult case before the Suffolk bar.

———

A French authority states that 200,000 laws have been passed in France since the Revolution, and yet we understand that J—s is going to make a summary of them when he gets through with the Canadian subject.

———

At the last meeting of the "Moot Court," Prof. Lafleur presided. The question was one of Domicile, and the counsel were Sawyer and Donahue for the plaintiffs and Barron and Mullen for the defendants. The judgment has been reserved.

———

Several new works on different branches of law are expected to be issued shortly after April 27, 1894. The following is a partial list of titles and authors:

Internoscia on "Ecclesiastical and Civil Polity."
Jones on "Petitions."
Cox on "Getting There."
Sheridan on "Infants and other dependants."

MEDICAL CLASS REPORTS.

A meeting was held recently to elect representatives to take part in the annual dinners of the Medical faculties of Toronto and Trinity Universities. These positions are usually much sought after, and the students bent themselves to the task with their usual energy. Messrs. Gorrell and Henderson were nominated for Toronto, and Messrs. Colvin and McLaughlin for Trinity. The ballot resulted in the election of Messes Gorrell and McLaughlin.

Mr. Max Lanterman represented the McGill Medicals at the dinner of Bishop's Medical Faculty. He was elected by acclamation to fill this office, and took with him the confidence and good wishes of all. We hear that he made a neat speech, which was very well received, and acquitted himself as we well knew he would.

The following gentlemen have been appointed from the Third year on the committee of the Annual Faculty Dinner : Messrs. E. H. Saunders and J. E. Robertson.

"Tipperary and Waterford are both in Ireland, gentlemen."

There seems to be an epidemic of "new growths" at present, causing much hypertrophy of the hair follicles and sebaceous glands of the face. "Coming events cast their shadows before." Can you *Mark* the *Link* of connection ?

"Did you *see* the earthquake ?"

No matter how happy and pleasant a man may seem, he always has a skeleton in his midst.

The Meds took part in the opening of the Royal Victoria Hospital, to which they were kindly invited. They went, and a picked team took part in the proceedings, by rendering the National Anthem and a variety of other college ballads. More will be heard about this in our next.—

STUDENT (to patient)—"Do you think your eyes are all right ?"

PATIENT.—"Sure, sor, the Dochthor looked through me head wid a lamp, an', sez he, there's blotches on the back av it."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

The "At Home" committee is enjoying a well earned rest.

There was a young Freshman called Bill,
Who entered the halls of McGill.
Were the size of his brain
But a match for his cane,
His marks had been higher than *nil*.

The Second year man who tries to work his descriptive geometry out of a Hymnal cannot keep *agreein'* that he was fortunate in not catching the Professor's eye.

The Second year essays continue to show powers of observation and expression not commonly associated with tender years, as the following extract will show :—

"Climate has also an important effect on complexion, as anyone may see who takes a trip through the Maritime Provinces, where there are more pretty girls to the square inch than in any other part of the world."

At a meeting of the four years on the 21st ult., Mr. W. F. Angus, '95, was chosen as the representative from Science on the Business Board of the FORTNIGHTLY.

The Reading Room committee have done good work, and the supply of magazines is now better than ever before. The annual sale was very successful, and greatly improved its finances. There is still room for improvement, however. It is to be regretted that so many men do not see their way clear to support such an excellent institution.

It is said that a prominent Senior is disappointed because *Tit-Bits* has no place on the tables this year.

At the auction "The Idler, gentlemen, edited by the authors of *Three Men in a Boat* and *Pilgrim's Progress*."

It is rumored that the Science members of the 2nd and 3rd XV's are going to present the photographs of their respective teams to our Reading Room.

The Faculty regulations to be enforced in future with respect to Supplementals were read with the keenest interest. We are proud of our Faculty ; but nothing, we say it sorrowfully, causes us greater pain than the lack of tact they sometimes display in setting papers and dealing with exams.

The Fourth year Mechanical students visited the St. Henri cotton mills on Friday, and spent the day in taking indicator cards from the 1000 H. P. engine, and otherwise examining its mysteries. There is no doubt that, should opportunity offer, students in other courses would greatly enjoy "personally conducted" excursions to any establishments which may be of interest from an engineering point of view.

Science stood firm amid the dangers of the earthquake on Monday. While all others were panic-stricken, Science (with a big S.) calmly pulled out its stop watches. But then earthquakes are so soothing to one's nerves after listening to the class yell of Science '96.

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS REPORTS.

The "Rambler from Binscarth" displays an activity that should be encouraged.

Mr. Henry Cleveland has resigned his position on the Business Board of the FORTNIGHTLY. The students selected J. C. Cutting, '95, to fill the vacancy.

The reported gale is getting in its work and causing great devastation in Cleveland, and the natives of Vankleek Hill are taking precautionary measures.

Reading Notes.

Students, teachers and physicians get Turkish baths at half price, at the Turkish Bath Institute in this city. Travellers say that nowhere in Europe can you get a better bath.

Medical men generally are now recommending the Turkish Bath for the general health, and more especially for rheumatism, coughs and colds. It is a very pleasant remedy.

Gentlemen have the early morning, afternoon and evening hours. The bath is conveniently situated, being on St. Monique at the foot of McGill College Avenue.

A Persian walnut upright piano may be seen in the windows of L. E. N. Pratte's piano ware rooms, No. 1676 Notre Dame Street. With regard to its musical qualities, it is only necessary to mention that it is a duplicate of the instrument bought a few weeks ago by Prof. D. Ducharme, organist of the Gesu, for his own use as well as that of his advanced pupils.

It has been manufactured at Mr. L. E. N. Pratte's establishment, and it is a beautiful piece of art work. The case might be mistaken for marble, although it is perfectly natural wood without the least stain or graining.

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NOTICE—To the Committee of the McGILL FORTNIGHTLY. . .

The members of this Committee and of the other College publications are reminded that DESBARATS & Co. execute Photo Engravings in the best style, suitable for Magazine illustrating. The supplement issued in the McGILL FORTNIGHTLY at the end of last season was a fair sample of their work.

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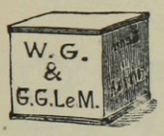
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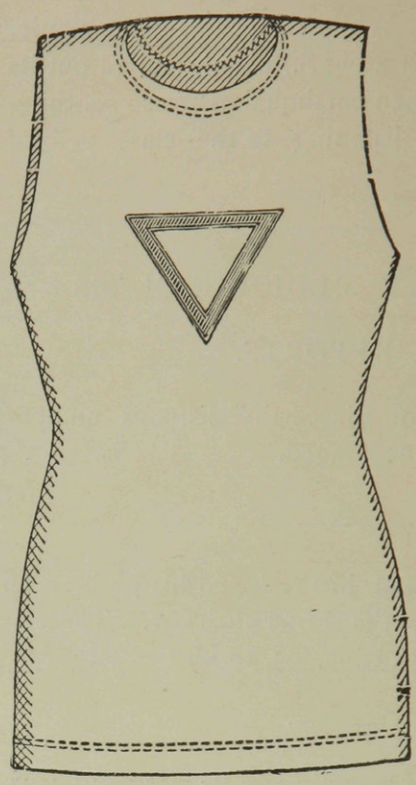
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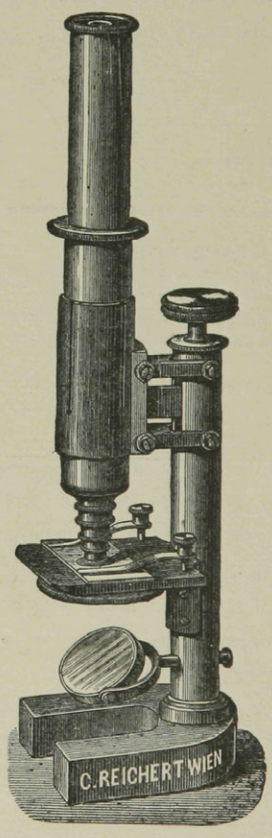
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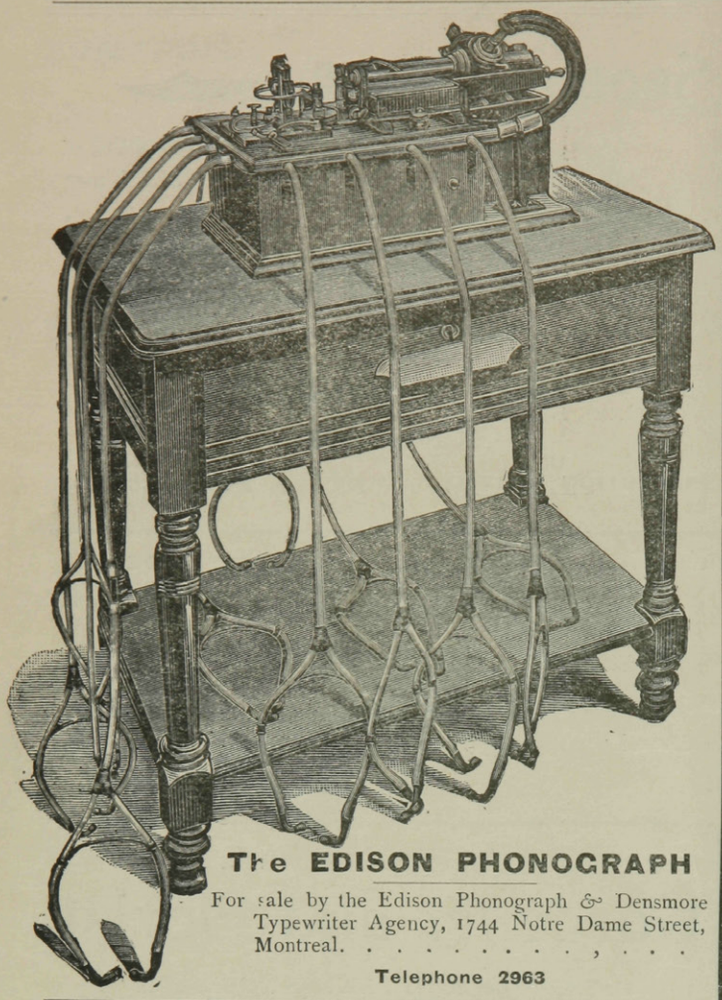
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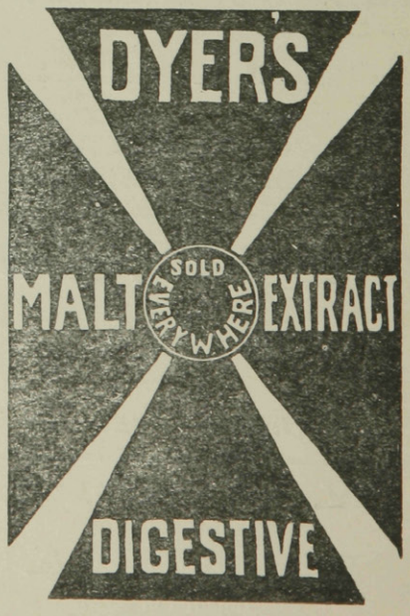
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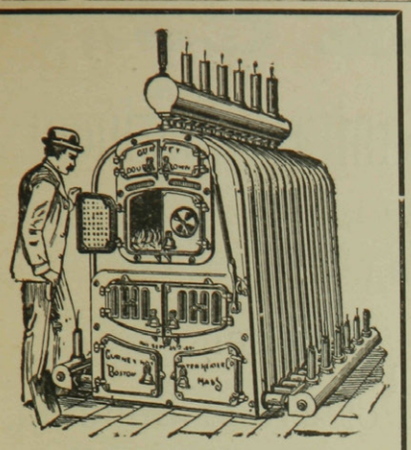
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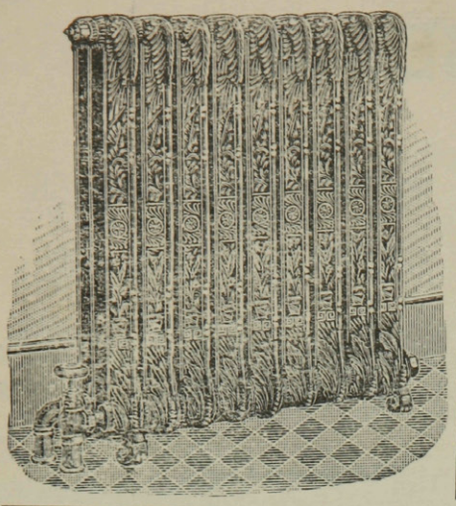
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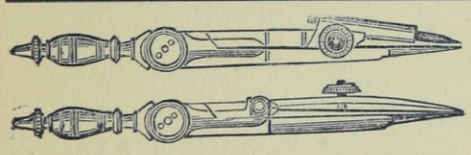
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